FLUID HISTORY

Out of Many, None; Erosion, Field Notes, & the end of an Empire

Carne Para la Machina

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For Alphie, Franz, Rex, & Spence
You have always been there from the highest peaks to the lowest valleys. Thank you for being in my life, I'm lucky to have you all.

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I

Foundational Arguments

Erosion and the Unspoken Revolution

Authors Note: This was written prior to my third amendment argument, and prior to the federal operations in South Shore.

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The Pattern I'm Seeing

This is my theory about America and where we're headed. The machinery of state control has always been there - the black community in particular has effectively always lived as an occupied one, feeling what I'm only now recognizing. Some communities may have felt this reality far before myself, and I understand racial disparities have severely influenced how the state acts.

What seems to have happened is that once civil rights became laws and racial targeting was no longer acceptable to most people, the state started redirecting the same anger and aggression toward everyone in certain classes rather than those of certain races. The machinery didn't disappear - it just expanded its target list.

Political Theater vs Reality

Political ideology in the US is literally pointless. It's all just classism disguised by team sports - red vs blue while ignoring others. Even in chariot races, we all knew the blue and red teams weren't trying to end the race, they just wanted to win the current race they were in.

It's the same concept, but it's implied or stated often enough in American political discourse that even suggesting politics works like those chariot races means you are insane or a liar or a charlatan. But that's exactly what it is - a distraction from the real dynamics at play.

The Erosion I'm Watching

I no longer think a revolution will occur on its own. However, I think it may be set off by a more silent erosion of the American state and trust in its institutions.

When people no longer feel capable of calling the cops out of fear for themselves and their neighbors, even with just cause to do so, it says something about the need for community defense oriented around small communities - a modern version of militia, but instead of top-down, it's everyone working how they can. As time goes on, these networks will become more and more common, leading to communities seeking to defend themselves eventually replacing the state entirely in some areas, even if they don't declare it.

With the state no longer called in or interested except for exploitation of the working and lower class incomes to fund itself, it effectively leads to a conflict between the people trying to defend themselves and their communities and someone

who just sees you as a target or a potential threat.

They already treat us as the enemy, and when they do that for so long, what I'm describing becomes inevitable. First is a gradual, unspoken revolution - communities just stop calling, stop engaging, start handling things themselves through these horizontal networks where people look out for each other. Then comes the conflict as the system that thinks it's in control tries to enforce that control upon communities that no longer need or want that presence in their neighborhoods. The feeling shifts from protection to occupation.

We're a group to be harvested economically and physically with our bodies and time. When we no longer need them, no longer fear them or call for them, they either accept it and leave us be, or they force us to make aloud the revolution that already occurred years in the past. The occupiers just hadn't realized the people they saw as enemies now look back at them with the same disdain.

It is no longer political to distrust them and their institutions. It is a matter of fact and a matter of survival.

This isn't about grand political statements. It's about practical reality - what happens when communities realize they're better off handling things themselves than calling in people who see them as problems to be managed rather than people to be served.

The Sound of Occupation

Remember South Shore, Chicago; September, 2025

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Since the events in South Shore, and for a little while before, the sound of helicopters flying over my apartment in Indianapolis sets the hairs on the back of my neck on edge. The feeling doesn't pass until the rotors fade into silence.

The sound of the choppers keeps adding to this… pressure in the back of my head. I had an impression it was something more than just stress. It wasn't just the sound of a rotor blade that set my body on edge; it was what it represented. I wonder if they'll come breaking down our doors—my door, my neighbors', my friends' down the block. The homeless man I see on my way to the grocery store doesn't even have a door to break down. Any one of us could be next. We're only three and a half hours from Chicago, well within range if they wanted to "make examples" of another Midwestern city.

It reminds me of the stories from the occupation of Afghanistan, where the sound of helicopters or incoming missiles meant panic, because it so often meant death. But this isn't Afghanistan; it's Indiana. Yet, the same tactics that

struck fear into people in a war zone were deployed three and a half hours away, without due process or cause. Some people are still missing, unaccounted for.

I'm not scared or angry, per se. I'm "waiting 5 hours for the delivery and it says you weren't home", whatever that emotion is; frustration, unnerved, on edge? I feel the coiled energy you get before a fight—that tension in the back of the neck and upper spine. The waiting.

If this is even an iota of what we did to Afghanistan, then the occupation is happening here. It has been here for some time. I just couldn't see it until the mask was ripped off last month.

I'd say the occupation came home after we left Afghanistan, but it never really left home in the first place.

Here be Monsters; an "Elites" True Nature

Monsters aren't confined to the old world. They can be in our homes, our halls of power, our communities. These days they just wear suits instead of shadows.

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You don't need myths to have tales of monsters; we have politicians and their enablers for that. We have proof, undeniably so, of what they are, but mentioning it is treated the same as talking of literal cryptids or Jason Voorhees. American society cannot exist without this fundamental feature: monsters don't exist, but those in power do exist unfortunately for us. A monster from legends consumes to persist, those in power don't even consume, they just craft mountains from our flesh and call it justice. But when we react in horror, they act as if our revulsion to their actions is the only atrocity going on, not that a monument of broken bones has been erected in our names.

A half-million mutilated corpses and a legal system that defends those responsible is still beyond the work of some of our most vile creatures of legend. It may even seem horrible to

actual monsters, who, at least in their self-contained canons, typically have reasons that, while not consistent with us, do make sense from a more primal or mystical aspect. Their reasons usually boil down to needing humans—or life, or souls, or whatever it is they seek—for some form of sustenance, be it literal or metaphysical, solid or spiritual.

Those in power have no such justifications, no curse or compulsion to inflict that justifies the blood on their hands. They just… choose to do so.

Monsters in most legends and myths act out of genuine (if abhorrent to us, their likely chosen prey or our loved ones) need, and were not always given a choice in such directions. Those in power have all the agency and all the ability, but they choose to act in the fashion we would attribute to the likes of Terminus (The Walking Dead) or Caesar's Legion (Fallout). And even those two examples are operating in a destroyed world of zombies or radiation.

Those in power live on a mostly livable planet without nuclear fallout or roaming hordes of disease-ridden horrors, and they still choose to act—and expect us to comply—as if monsters are only something you can see on a page or a movie screen. When there they are, right in front of us.

At least the monsters don't gaslight you before they end you. And if they do, it's not treated as if you're crazy for noticing it. Even Negan (The Walking Dead) learned from his mistakes and TRIED to make up for it. We live in a society where Negan—fucking Negan—would be a genuine improvement. And this is coming from someone who really liked Glenn. At least you know he's gonna tell you what's happening, even if you don't like the news he's got for you.

In our stories, we don't even question that the monsters

need to be stopped. They need to be fought, and they need to be made to see what they've done. They owe us a look in the whites of their eyes before they give us a parting grin. And when we hear monsters whistle that shitty little tune, their weapon of choice dragging in the dirt, they'd be wise to remember we can swing back.

Monsters don't get to run the world. They need to go back to their caves, retreat from the light of common humanity and camaraderie, and rot there. The monsters have written the rules long enough, gather your pitchforks and burn their barbwired batons as torches to light the way.

E PLURIBUS NULLUS

The Logic of Abuse: A State's True Nature

Be it micro or macro, it's only hell if we allow it to be.

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The Fragility of State Power: A Personal Testimony

My father pushed and pushed and made my life hell for 7 years. But the day I said no and simply wanted to run away, he blocked the door. I was cornered—my sister and stepmother to my right, my father blocking the exit. I'd initially tried to get out the window, but he blocked that too. Out of fear and desperation, I kicked him square in the balls and he fell to the ground.

I was 15 and scrawny, starving. They barely fed me and used me for nothing labor, so I didn't have time of my own outside of school. My dad was 6'9", 400 lbs. One kick and that son of a bitch was down. I brought him to his knees.

The kick wasn't planned. It was a purely anatomical action—my body's response to being trapped. I bolted from the room and ran outside, hiding behind a car until they started screaming they had called the cops.

That month after, he was brutal to me. But then one day after I got off from school, he sat me down and said some spiel, and the next thing I knew I was in my mom's car out of there. One month later he sent me to live with my mom and I never saw him again. Once I was out of there I was free. I could go anywhere—my mom didn't give two shits.

The System of Control

It was always my fault. Everything was. The smallest item went missing or got broken, or something wasn't just right, and I was in hot water. My father had tried letting everyone know I was a dishonest liar and borderline evil. My sister and my stepmother would corroborate—they were the power when he was gone.

I was undiagnosed autistic, and they hid this from me. The only books I could really get access to were high school and college level history books, so that's what I read. I was always rebelling against them because of how obscene and meaningless the demands were. Nothing ever meant what it was supposed to. My stepmother was a school teacher and as vile as my father, sometimes more so.

I stole money at school, but only ever spent it in the school shops, and always to buy food. Bringing it home or keeping it would risk punishment and questions. My abuse and my actions at school got more desperate.

The Height of Their Power

Following the kick, it was hellish. They forced me to go to teen court and didn't let me defend myself. They were at the height of their power—they had demonstrated they controlled the narrative, controlled the institutions. The police told me they wouldn't believe me if I needed to call them for help.

It was after teen court, when I was scared to hell and they seemed most powerful, that I reached the final breaking point.

I was having an autistic meltdown. I had just wanted some time to myself, not doing chores all day. As soon as I said no, my stepmother started threatening, and eventually screaming. We were living out in the country—one close neighbor, forests and fields elsewhere. She was like, "Oh yeah? Well what are you gonna do? I'll just call the police!"

What came out of me wasn't a plan. It was the sound of someone who had been pushed past every limit, who had nothing left to lose, who needed her to finally understand what they had created.

"What happens when you push me too far, huh? What happens when he's not here and you push me too far, huh? What happens when I take that big shiny gun he's so proud of and point it at you? What happens when I can't fucking take it anymore and I lose it? Huh?!"

I didn't want to say it. But it's the only thing my mind could do—say it out loud, so loudly and so persistently that she had no choice but to hear me. Once she heard the gun mentioned, she stopped trying to scream over me. My determination overrode her.

She heard it. The reality of it. What they were doing to me. What I might become.

After that, she started fighting with my father. A lot. A few weeks later, I was gone.

No One Will Save You

I learned from my mother that no one will save you if they don't want to. In most cases, I learned even she wouldn't stand up for me. No one is going to save us, even the most seemingly benevolent and loving benefactor can be nothing more than theatrics, especially when the actions never materialize.

They may give you extra food or extra treats to make themselves and you feel better, but at the end of the day they will drop you off in hell rather than make themselves uncomfortable or accountable. That's what my mother did anyway, all those years ago when she left me there on his porch. As I watched her drive away she knew where she had left me, and she did it anyway. Those who claim to be your saviors can be the very people who put you in the situation that causes harm in the first place.

The cop told me he wouldn't believe me. My mother took me in after it was over, but didn't fight to get me out—she was the reason I was there to begin with after all. The neighbors saw. The school saw me stealing money to survive. People knew, or could have known, but acknowledging what was going on would imply it mattered on some level to them. They were comfortable, or comfortable enough.

This is what makes resistance not just necessary, but inevitable. When you realize no one is coming—not the authorities, not family, not the people who claim to care—you understand that survival depends entirely on what you're willing to do yourself. The system doesn't save you from abuse.

At best, it watches. At worst, it participates.

The myth of rescue is as powerful as the myth of invincible authority. We're taught to wait, to endure, to vote harder. But that myth is another form of control. It keeps you compliant, hoping, waiting for someone else to save the day, someone that isn't coming or concerned in the least.

I stopped waiting. I fought back because there was no one else who would, and my body didn't care if my mind was too terrified to plan. The body can act without conscious intent—it is just that: raw, unplanned, and inescapable action.

The Thesis

Power will retaliate if you fight back, but if you keep pushing, if you make them see the whites of your eyes and the terror and determination in your voice, their mortality is too easily visible for anyone, especially them, to deny.

My father's power seemed total—backed by family, police, school systems. He had institutional backing, the veneer of respectability. Even after I'd brought him to his knees, they demonstrated at teen court that they still controlled everything. But all of that collapsed when they pushed too far one more time.

Power that relies entirely on fear and isolation is incredibly brittle.

They had removed every other option, every escape route, every form of power or autonomy—and in doing so, they'd made the situation genuinely dangerous for them. They'd built a pressure cooker. Abusers rely on their victims staying predictable, staying controllable. The moment you become unpredictable, their calculus changes.

I wasn't threatening her with a plan. I was forcing her to confront what they were creating: a starving, isolated, autistic teenager in constant meltdown, being pushed past every human limit, with access to a gun and absolutely nothing left to lose. She stopped screaming because she heard it. The reality of it.

Power depends on the myth of its own invincibility. It needs you to believe the retaliation will be endless, that resistance is futile, that they are untouchable. But the moment you force them to confront their own vulnerability—their physical body on the ground, their own mortality staring back at them in your eyes, the gun they kept as a symbol of their power now named as the thing that could end them—the myth shatters.

They can hurt you. But you can hurt them too. And once they know that you know that, once they see you're past the point of having anything to lose, let alone anything to win, they have to recalculate everything.

The retaliation came because they were scared and trying to reassert control. But it couldn't last, because the fundamental equation had changed. They'd seen their own fragility reflected back at them.

That's what makes state power, colonial power, abusive power so brittle: it's built on perceived distance from their actions, on the assumption the oppressed won't or can't strike back effectively. Close that distance, make the threat mutual, and suddenly they're mortal.

One kick brought a 400lb man to his knees. One desperate, unrelenting statement—made at the moment when they seemed most powerful and I was most terrified—made them realize their control was slipping, that the distance from actions to consequences wasn't just closer than they had ever

thought possible, it was on their doorstep.

Be it micro or macro, it's only hell if we allow it to be.

On Empire and Collective Fantasy

A fragment regarding humans doing human shit.

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All empires are just humans doing human shit and claiming it's for something more than themselves because they can't imagine a world where someone isn't in control. Yet we are forced to—or they try to force us to—pretend their delusions are real.

Every genocidal empire and every cult is just a body of people that harms those who call them what they are: collective fantasy.

They pathologize a person seeing the lie because if one person can see it, others can too.

Modern Policing as Contemporary Quartering

How modern policing violates the third amendment.

Originally Published on Sep 04, 2025

The Constitutional Crisis

Modern American policing constitutes systematic violation of the Third Amendment, creating contemporary quartering that exceeds colonial practices our founders fought to eliminate. Police departments operate as permanent occupying forces within our communities, funded through compulsory taxation, equipped with military weapons, and operating with less accountability than British soldiers our ancestors expelled.

Through civil asset forfeiture, no-knock raids, pervasive surveillance, systematic targeting of marginalized populations, and elimination of meaningful oversight, modern policing has created state occupation that violates both the literal text and fundamental principles of the Third Amendment. Courts, police departments, and political institutions refuse to acknowledge these violations, engaging in coordinated semantic manipulation to obscure constitutional tyranny.

What the Third Amendment Actually Prohibits

The Third Amendment prohibits the entire system of forced civilian support for occupying armed forces that the British imposed on colonial America. Colonial quartering encompassed forced financial support, constant surveillance, psychological intimidation, and complete erosion of civilian autonomy under permanent military presence. The Third Amendment prevents any system that forces civilian populations to support their own occupation by armed state agents.

Critically, even British soldiers remained subject to civilian courts and due process when they committed crimes against colonists. Modern American police operate with less oversight and accountability than the foreign occupying forces our founders expelled.

Literal Constitutional Violations

Modern policing directly violates even the narrowest interpretation of the Third Amendment:

Civil Asset Forfeiture: Police steal homes and property without criminal convictions based on mere suspicion. When police seize homes through asset forfeiture, they literally violate the Third Amendment by taking civilian residences for state use. This is worse than colonial quartering because it permanently transfers property through administrative proceedings lacking basic due process.

No-knock Raids: SWAT teams break down doors and invade homes without warning, often for minor offenses or faulty intelligence, regularly executing innocent civilians who defend their homes. Homeowners exercising Second

Amendment rights are killed by officers who created the life-threatening situation. This state terrorism surpasses colonial tyranny while receiving court protection that prioritizes officer safety over constitutional rights.

Systematic Occupation of American Communities

Forced Funding of Our Own Occupation

Every American is compelled through taxation to fund police departments regardless of consent to their practices. Our tax dollars purchase military weapons, armored vehicles, and surveillance technology used against us through programs like the Pentagon's 1033 Program. This permanent, comprehensive financial coercion exceeds colonial quartering by funding surveillance and control apparatus monitoring every aspect of daily life.

Pervasive Armed Presence

Modern police create comprehensive occupation extending into every aspect of civilian life through neighborhood patrols, school embedding, and constant surveillance. "Community policing" places armed state agents in civilian institutions, while School Resource Officers create seamless state power extension into childhood development, teaching compliance from youth.

This occupation intensively targets marginalized populations—sex workers, neurodivergent people, communities of color—proving systematic social control rather than public safety.

Operating Above Constitutional Law

Police operate with less accountability than colonial British soldiers through qualified immunity and "officer safety" doctrines. Qualified immunity shields officers from liability unless they violate "clearly established" rights under virtually identical circumstances. The "officer safety" doctrine justifies any constitutional violation through claims of police fear, inverting foundational legal principles.

Criminal prosecution has become virtually nonexistent despite extensive documentation of violence and misconduct. Police unions operate as state-protected enforcement guilds actively resisting civilian oversight.

Revenue-Based Predation

Police departments operate as revenue-generation mechanisms transforming communities into resource extraction sites. "Quotas" become "performance expectations" and "productivity standards," creating identical pressure under sanitized language. Officers face evaluation based on citation numbers and arrest statistics, creating insatiable demand for enforcement targets that makes avoidance impossible.

Why Their Excuses Fail

"Police are civilian, not military": Police possess military equipment and tactics through Pentagon programs while operating immune from civilian accountability. Constitutional concern is armed state power imposed on civilians, not bureaucratic classification.

"Communities democratically choose policing": Constitutional rights cannot be voted away by majorities. Most affected populations—communities of color, the poor, sex workers, drug users, neurodivergent people—are systematically excluded from meaningful political power.

"Police provide public safety": Police departments operate as revenue generators often creating rather than reducing harm. Public safety can be provided without constitutional violation.

"Third Amendment has never been interpreted broadly": Legal interpretation must evolve to address new forms of old tyranny. Refusing to apply foundational principles to contemporary violations enables tyrannical government the Constitution was designed to prevent.

Institutional Conspiracy Against Constitutional Rights

Police and courts engage in coordinated semantic manipulation enabling constitutional violations while maintaining plausible deniability. Military occupation becomes "community policing," predatory enforcement becomes "proactive policing," home invasions become "high-risk warrant service." Courts protect these practices through manipulative interpretations, granting state agents every interpretive benefit while denying constitutional protections to civilians.

This proves legal systems serve state power rather than constitutional principles. Institutions demonstrate they will lie about actions, steal through administrative processes, and refuse protection when they themselves threaten our safety.

The Constitutional Crisis and Path Forward

Modern policing violates every principle the Third Amendment was designed to protect: civilian control over armed force, meaningful consent to state power, and accountability for those exercising authority over us. Through literal seizure of homes, military invasion of neighborhoods, forced financial support for oppression, and complete elimination of recourse against abuse, police departments have created the tyrannical occupation system our founders fought to prevent.

When institutions systematically refuse constitutional compliance, they forfeit their authority to write and enforce laws. Our founders faced this exact situation when legal and political remedies proved inadequate against constitutional violations by occupying forces. They understood that governments derive just powers from consent of the governed, and that systematic constitutional violations forfeit legitimacy to govern.

We face a stark choice: Either current institutions will acknowledge what they have become and return to constitutional governance, or constitutional government will be restored through other means. Americans have never accepted permanent occupation by armed state forces—we should not begin now. Constitutional violations of this magnitude demand constitutional remedies of equal scope to restore the principle that armed state agents serve rather than occupy the people.

On the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, & 8th Amendments - Hollow and Inverted

Victims of the poisonous tree.

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Third Amendment

Text: "*No Soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law*."

Violations:

Physical Quartering via Civil Asset Forfeiture: The state seizes homes and cars (dwellings for many Americans) and uses them for police department operations or state purposes. This forces citizens to provide housing/property for armed state agents without consent.

Financial Quartering: Citizens are compelled through taxation to fund permanent, militarized police forces equipped

with weapons of war (Pentagon 1033 Program: armored vehicles, grenade launchers, military rifles). You cannot refuse to fund this standing army.

Operational Quartering: Police operate as a domestic occupying force with less legal accountability than British soldiers (via qualified immunity). The soldiers the Amendment was written to prohibit could be held accountable; modern police cannot.

Psychological Quartering: Armed state agents occupy your community, creating constant fear and surveillance. You cannot evict them without risking death or imprisonment. Your home can be invaded at any moment. Resisting illegal police violence, even in self-defense, is treated as a capital offense.

Permanent Standing Army: We now have permanent, militarized police forces in every jurisdiction—a standing army on American soil that citizens cannot dissolve, control, or hold accountable.

Fourth Amendment

Text: *"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."*

Violations:

Mass Surveillance = General Warrants: The state conducts dragnet surveillance of digital communications, metadata, phone records, emails, and internet activity of entire populations without individualized suspicion.

"Secure in their persons": Mass surveillance, stop-and-frisk programs, suspicionless checkpoints, and warrantless searches violate security of person.

"Secure in their houses" – Physical Invasion: No-knock raids and dynamic entries treat homes as battlefields. SWAT teams invade homes with military tactics, often at wrong addresses.

"Secure in their houses" – Technological Invasion: Thermal imaging and through-wall radar allow the state to see inside your home without physical entry. If the state can see through your walls, you are not secure. A search is a search regardless of method.

"Secure in their papers and effects": Civil asset forfeiture seizes property ("effects") without a warrant based on individualized probable cause. The property itself is "charged" with a crime.

"Unreasonable" means lacking probable cause: The text defines a reasonable search—a warrant based on probable cause, describing the specific place and things. Anything else is unreasonable.

"Shall not be violated": This is absolute language.

No Individualized Suspicion: Warrants must "particularly describe." Mass surveillance describes nothing—it sweeps everyone. Thermal cameras scan entire neighborhoods without warrants.

Parallel Construction: Law enforcement uses unconstitutional surveillance to find evidence, then constructs alternative "legal" justifications, hiding the real source.

Fifth Amendment

Text: "*No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury... nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.*"

Violations:

Deprivation of Life Without Due Process: Police kill people in the streets—extrajudicial executions without trial, conviction, or sentencing.

Deprivation of Liberty Without Due Process: Police conduct warrantless arrests, detain people without charge, assault citizens, and subject them to torture in detention.

Deprivation of Property Without Due Process: Civil asset forfeiture permanently takes property through administrative

proceedings that don't require convicting the owner of any crime.

Qualified Immunity Nullifies the Amendment: The doctrine makes violations unactionable by asking not "were rights violated?" but "was this exact violation previously clearly established?" This creates a catch-22 for accountability.

The State as Judge, Jury, Executioner: The text requires process—grand jury, trial, conviction—before deprivation. Police acting as all three in the street violates this.

Taking Without Just Compensation: When property is seized via civil asset forfeiture, no compensation is provided. The state simply takes it.

Sixth Amendment

Text: "*In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defence.*"

Violations:

"Assistance of Counsel": Public defender systems are underfunded, with caseloads of hundreds of clients per attorney at minimum. Effective representation is impossible.

"Speedy… trial": Pre-trial detention lasts months or years while defendants are unconvicted, causing loss of jobs, homes, and family stability.

"Impartial jury": Juries are drawn from voter rolls, tax records, and DMV databases, systematically excluding the poor, unhoused, and marginalized. The pool does not represent a cross-section of the community.

"Trial": 97% of federal cases and 94% of state cases end in plea bargains. Trial by jury has been functionally abolished.

The Trial Penalty: Defendants who exercise their right to trial face sentences 2-10x longer than if they plead guilty. This coerces pleas under duress.

Jury Nullification Suppression: The historical right of juries to judge both fact and law is actively suppressed. Courts treat informing jurors of this power as jury tampering.

Mandatory Minimums: Sentencing is predetermined by statute, disconnecting the jury's verdict from individualized justice. The jury's role is reduced to determining guilt.

"Public trial" – Plea Bargaining in Private: 97% of cases are

resolved through private plea negotiations. The public cannot observe.

"Public trial" – Sealed Proceedings: Many court hearings, documents, and records are sealed from public view.

"Public trial" – Camera Bans: Most courts ban cameras, making trials "public" only to the few who can physically attend. In the digital age, this makes trials functionally private.

State Manipulation Without Oversight: Camera bans and sealed records allow the state to control the narrative without public witness, isolating the accused.

"In All Criminal Prosecutions": The text says ALL. A trial the public cannot meaningfully observe is not a public trial.

Eighth Amendment

Text: *"Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."*

Violations:

Excessive Bail = Wealth-Based Detention: Cash bail systems imprison people solely because they're poor. A wealthy person charged with murder can go home; a poor person charged with a misdemeanor stays in jail.

Excessive Fines: Fines and fees levied on the impoverished lead to arrest warrants, license suspensions, and

incarceration—modern debtors' prisons.

Cruel and Unusual Punishment on Unconvicted Citizens: Unconvicted American citizens—legally innocent—are subjected to:

Sexual assault: Rape in jails is normalized.

Physical violence: Beatings by guards and inmates.

Starvation conditions: Food below nutritional standards.

Psychological torture: Solitary confinement, sensory deprivation.

Medical neglect: Denial of necessary care.

Inhumane conditions: Overcrowding, lack of sanitation, extreme temperatures.

Below Geneva Convention Standards: These conditions violate standards for prisoners of war. Unconvicted citizens are treated worse than enemy combatants.

Pre-Conviction Torture: The Amendment prohibits "punishments." This is torture inflicted before guilt is established.

Cultural Normalization: The systematic sexual violence is joked about openly in media and culture.

"Inflicted": The state actively inflicts this harm. It is the foreseeable, inevitable result of the detention system.

The Poisonous Tree: Marbury v. Madison and the Collapse of the American Republic

On the illegitimate foundation of federal power and the doctrine that buried the Constitution.

Originally Published on Dec 04, 2025

The Supreme Court, as it exists today and has for the past 200 years, followed the infamous decision in Marbury v. Madison in 1803. Nowhere in the text or spirit of the Constitution does it give any credence to the Court in 1803 and its ruling. If you ask someone to justify their purely self-interested and aggrandizing actions, they will likely try to claim in some fashion how necessary and truly rational their actions are. Even if they claim it's in the body, doing so at the time was vehemently against the architect of its foundational principles, Thomas Jefferson, who was still alive at the time of that ruling. Jefferson's argument—that it was a coup by the judiciary that would lend itself to an oligarchic branch that rules for life sentences—is clear and obvious.

This would lead to a shelf-on-shelf entrenchment, which

in the real world would clearly be unstable and collapse the house being built. Unfortunately for the American people, it seems the world of legal creations has no such natural law within its depths. The first shelf, laid on the very edge—and, in my opinion, used as an excuse to build an additional bedroom floating over a driveway—required them to build new meanings and constitutional structures that did not exist and were not interpreted in any such way prior. Marbury v. Madison is the first shaky hangover that all proceeding rulings build upon. Each step requires further and further removal from the Constitution that the modern American state swears fealty to, but it is unrecognizable. The original foundation is buried beneath layers and layers of shaky, unstable shelves all built upon one another, each needing more outlandish reasoning, each reasoning covering more and more of the original foundation with poorly thought-through struts.

Without Marbury v. Madison, none of those shelves could have been constructed, and our republic would look nothing as it is today. Everything after 1803 is fruit of the poisonous tree. With Marbury v. Madison as the poisonous tree, any potential arguments against are effectively using evidence that has been declared invalid or not submittable in (ironically) any rational court on this earth, as all rotting decisions are birthed from its poisonous sprout—which, while small then, is rapidly approaching the level of a fatal dose to the American republic as a whole.

The Constitution was a product of the compromise between federalism and anti-federalism at its end. The federal government was not supposed to be minutely involved with everyday American affairs. But due to the Commerce Clause, among other excuses, they have neutered constitutional amendments

and fundamentally altered the nation from a federal entity to an increasingly unitary one. The federal government was never supposed to dominate the states to such an extent, nor anywhere near it. A balance, yes—but that is exactly why the Constitution was written as it was. They took months to write it for a very serious reason. Every word, every sentence mattered. The 10th Amendment is largely a dead letter as well, with Congress passing unconstitutional legislation annually thanks to the Commerce Clause abuse being normalized by the Court.

Without this judicial supremacy, the republic would have found ways to resolve conflict. But at the same time, the republic was not meant to legislate every minute detail in the lives of its domestic citizens—that was for the states to handle. They were the source of the republic's sovereignty, with the federal government as the commonwealth that united them all as a national unit. But it was never intended to dictate such power—to make nearly any act illegal in some form for the nation. It was meant to work with the tools it was given as the national, outward-facing body of these United States established in the Constitution.

Judicial review, as set forward in that precedent, is largely the reason we have the gutting of constitutional rights—for this conversation, largely the 6th and 8th Amendments—but those deserve their own arguments, as they turn an unstable add-on into a house of cards from any rational outside perspective. To be brief: the 8th Amendment is violated even to unconvicted American citizens who are sexually assaulted and treated to worse living standards and food than prisoners of war are entitled to. Our politicians and media joke about "dropping the soap" so often it's not even noticed except as something to

make fun of. These are American citizens who haven't even been convicted of a crime, to say nothing of those Americans convicted for practicing botany or mycology in their own homes or any other number of frivolous and frankly obscene prohibitions enabled by judicial review.

These shelves allow for the open corruption of the last 60 years. Citizens United ripped any pretense of a mask off the corruption, as the Court reduced "corruption" to essentially the cartoonish stereotype of being handed a bag of money in a dark alley. Each shelf suffocates the constitutional foundation further—more and more pressure, compacting it down into the earth where it suffocates like a man buried alive, held down by all the weight of the six feet of earth above him.

These shelves threaten the very existence of the republic with the rise of modern nullification (cannabis, psychedelics in some cases—though I maintain both prohibitions established in regard to those two substances are unconstitutional, and states are following the Constitution by ignoring the illegal legislation set forth by Washington and the Courts) and stand-offs between states and unconstitutional federal agencies such as the DEA. Yet again, another product of constitutional violation established in the 18th and 21st Amendments, which in its own right violates the principle enshrined in the Posse Comitatus Act—a law born from the foundational fear of standing armies on American soil—which we now have dozens of under direct and unchecked federal authority, itself built upon the shaky shelves of judicial review created in 1803.

The courts have made declarations of war unnecessary in modern conflicts, as we simply cite judicial precedent to commit war crimes without the consent of the American people.

Judicial review isn't even permanent, such as the Chevron ruling and its subsequent changes in the 2020s that effectively ended it. No people can be governed by an ancient law that changes to suit the whims of the warm bodies that sit on the court at any given moment. It submits the entire congregation of states and the people to the whims and obsessions of an unelected, unremovable, entrenched, and permanent (as in life terms) cabal that claims its power from a rotten and clearly dilapidated starting point in 1803.

By this logic, essentially all members of Congress who swear an oath to the Constitution have violated it repeatedly without acknowledgment—to say nothing of those who sit on the high court or those who sat there before them. You cannot pick and choose which parts of the Constitution have precedent. We simply ignore the General Welfare Clause of the Constitution. Without judicial review corrupting the national experiment at its inception (less than a generation into the republic's history), the document would have been given room to germinate properly and develop into a robust system. Instead, we got the shaky shelves. You can't justify what we currently have by claiming two centuries ago our ancestors were too stupid to figure out a solution that complied with the Constitution.

On the Illegality of Armed Federal Agencies

Federal armed agencies operating as domestic enforcement are illegal. They should not be reformed. They should be abolished.

Originally Published on Nov 18, 2025

The Constitutional Violation

Armed federal agencies operating as domestic enforcement bodies violate the Constitution on two fundamental grounds: they bypass the amendment process established by Prohibition, and they constitute an unconstitutional domestic military force.

I. The Prohibition Precedent

The 18th Amendment established the constitutional standard: creating federal enforcement apparatus to prohibit activities within states requires constitutional amendment, not mere legislation.

The Standard Set by History

When the nation sought to prohibit alcohol, it did not pass a statute invoking the Commerce Clause. It recognized that such federal intervention into domestic affairs required the highest democratic threshold—ratification by supermajorities across state legislatures. This was not optional procedure; it was constitutional necessity.

The Modern Evasion

Today, the DEA enforces drug prohibition. The ATF enforces firearms restrictions. The FBI enforces countless federal criminal statutes. None of these prohibitions underwent the constitutional amendment process. They exist through congressional statutes justified by expansive interpretations of the Commerce Clause.

This is constitutional fraud. If alcohol prohibition required Amendment, then every subsequent prohibition enforced by armed federal agents requires the same. The standard cannot be lowered retroactively. Congress cannot legislate around constitutional requirements simply because amendment is difficult.

II. The Domestic Military Problem

The Posse Comitatus Act prohibits federal military forces from enforcing domestic law. Yet today's federal enforcement apparatus is a military in all but name.

Armed Federal Agencies as De Facto Military

Consider the reality:

The DEA conducts armed raids with military tactics and equipment

The ATF maintains SWAT teams and armored vehicles

The FBI operates paramilitary units across all fifty states

CBP and ICE deploy thousands of armed agents domestically

These agencies answer solely to executive branch leadership

They operate with qualified immunity and minimal oversight

They carry weapons. They conduct military-style operations. They enforce federal will through force. They are accountable only to federal authority. This is a domestic military.

The Evasion Through Naming

The Constitution is not defeated by semantics. Calling these forces "agencies" rather than "military" does not change their function. The Framers feared standing armies enforcing domestic policy for good reason—they create power concentrated in the executive, unaccountable to local populations, and incentivized toward expansion rather than restraint.

III. The Perverse Incentive Structure

When an agency's existence depends on finding violations of its specific mandate, justice becomes subordinate to institutional self-preservation.

The Institutional Imperative

An agency justified by drug enforcement will seek drug crimes. One justified by firearms violations will seek gun crimes. Their budgets, their personnel, their political relevance—all depend on demonstrating ongoing necessity.

This creates systemic pressure to:

Expand definitions of criminality

Prioritize easy arrests over serious threats

Create crimes where none naturally exist (stings, entrapment)

Resist policy changes that might reduce their mandate

The Aggregate Effect

Across dozens of specialized agencies, this produces a federal enforcement apparatus that must continually identify new threats to justify itself. The question is no longer "what crimes exist that need enforcement?" but "what enforcement actions can we take to validate our existence?"

IV. The Constitutional Alternative: State Cooperation

Federal prohibition enforcement is both illegal and unnecessary. States can coordinate effectively without federal hierarchy.

The Model: Horizontal State Cooperation

States desiring coordinated enforcement can:

Pass identical legislation creating state-level agencies with specific mandates

Establish interstate compacts for intelligence sharing and joint operations

Create reciprocal agreements for extradition and mutual aid

Maintain independent authority while cooperating voluntarily

Historical Precedent

This is not theoretical. Criminal law enforcement has always operated primarily at the state level. Murder, theft, assault, fraud—states have successfully prosecuted these crimes and cooperated across borders without federal armed agencies dictating terms.

The idea that drug enforcement, firearms regulation, or immigration control requires federal military presence is modern invention, not constitutional necessity.

Democratic Accountability

When enforcement authority resides with states:

Citizens can vote out officials who enforce unjust laws

Local communities maintain control over their own governance

States can opt out of prohibitions their citizens reject

The amendment process regains meaning as the proper

mechanism for national consensus

V. Conclusion

The current system of armed federal agencies is constitutionally illegitimate on multiple grounds.

It violates the Prohibition precedent by creating federal prohibition enforcement without constitutional amendment

It violates Posse Comitatus by creating a domestic military force under executive control

It creates perverse incentives that prioritize institutional survival over justice

It centralizes power that the Constitution reserves to states and the people

These agencies should be dissolved. Enforcement authority should return to the states, who may cooperate through compacts and reciprocal agreements. This restores constitutional structure, democratic accountability, and the primacy of individual liberty over administrative convenience.

The fact that this system would be less efficient, less uniform, or less powerful is not an argument against it. The Constitution was designed to constrain power, not to maximize governmental effectiveness. Efficiency is not legitimacy. Convenience does not override rights.

Federal armed agencies operating as domestic enforcement are illegal. They should not be reformed. They should be abolished.

Ending the Empire won't end the world; it's what will save it

How the threat of apocalypse upholds a failed state.

Originally Published on Dec 06, 2025

Revolution is not apocalypse. The conflation is a benefit to the entrenched systems of power by associating genuine change with mass death and destruction. Most likely, the cause of said destruction would be the state itself lashing out at its own people for daring to tell it its time is up. It shows that apocalypse is just the entrenched power structures threatening mass death for forcing them to retire. They make us think we'd get Mad Max when we're already living in Mad Max (the original film), as described in the "Erosion and Unspoken Revolution" piece. At worst, the state would cause the mass death; at best, it would just start enabling facets of itself to enact the inherent threat while claiming it was a "rogue" facet.

Just because the American empire ceases to be doesn't mean the people it threatens on a daily basis will cease. They will live on, and they will persevere. Canada will still exist if America falls under its own rot, as will Mexico and Brazil and Russia

and China.

This is already the story Americans tell themselves. In every apocalypse narrative we consume—The Walking Dead, Fallout, The Road—the collapse doesn't come from people organizing differently. It comes from government failure, bioweapons, nuclear war, institutional abandonment. We've already normalized that when systems fall, it's because institutions caused or accelerated the collapse. We watch communities survive and rebuild without those institutions in virtually every story we tell. Yet we act as though imagining a world where the American empire ceases to be is somehow impossible, when we've already accepted it as inevitable in our fiction.

Following this logic, the only way revolution equals apocalypse is if those who hold the guns to our head decide to pull an Operation Samson. And any empire that would burn the whole of creation on this planet because it doesn't want to lose power? That empire ensures its own destruction by any rational actor who doesn't want the world to end as a result of a lashing-out temper tantrum from a failed empire.

When the USSR fell, it did not lash out and destroy those abandoning it. It read the writing on the wall and walked into the annals of history; for all its flaws, it didn't make the entirety of humanity suffer for them. It took the path of a mature and grave decision: "Our time is over, we must step aside."

There is no worship of violence, only logical reaction to a violence engaged against the people. Like the American "justice" system: taking a plea to live another day or risk the loss of your life, liberties, and communities; all because someone pissed off some thin-skinned tyrant. To continue without the empire's dissolution is the plea deal, but by taking

it you risk everyone's life and all of the human potential it keeps locked down for all time—until another generation decides it's had enough and wants to take the route of trial, but not in a courtroom: trial by combat.

Civil War is a Dead End; Revolution is Not

You have more in common with your neighbors than you do with DC.

Originally Published on Jan 03, 2026

They want us to fight each other. They want us to fixate on civil war—to see our neighbors as enemies, and their boots on our necks as protection.

If we are hating and killing each other, they feel safe. Revolution is made to seem a fantasy when it is the only course that makes logical sense.

Remember this: if we're aiming at each other, we're not aiming at the ones who fired the shots.

But understand this deeper truth: a civil war is their harvest. Not in the conventional sense, but in the sense they can swoop in when the bodies begin to rot and call it sovereign.

We, the Outyalowda, are the living organism that maintains the substrate of society—the social body, the land, the community. We are what keeps it from being barren ruins.

The state, in its current form, is not a gardener. It is a parasitic contaminant—Trichey as flesh instead of fungi. A

nasty-smelling blight that cannot create, only consume. It feeds on us without remorse.

The Trichey wants us to kill each other so it can feast on our bodies and our labor without having to acknowledge either as stolen. I can't even call them Tricheys in a pluralistic sense. That would assume they were independent, when they're really just a singular entity without much difference internally.

Our labor is its mycelium, our fear its moisture, our division its perfect climate.

And now, it wants one final, monstrous yield. All because it knows it's time is up, and its so greedy it cant help but reach for one last harvest.

It wants us—the organism that holds everything together—to turn on ourselves. To harm each other for no reason, to make way for more of its harvesters. To do the work of culling our own numbers so it can feast more easily on the remains.

Civil war, to this parasitic mold, is like two germinated spores from the same cap killing each other so the contamination can grow stronger off the bodies without having to do its own dirty work.

The insanity is the spectacle: a failing system proposing its own auto-cannibalization as a solution, promoted by hands already slick with the blood of our peoples.

It is the most efficient harvest of all. It wants us to break our own communities so it can consume the pieces. Only to set up shop in our empty homes, on our cratered graves, and call it peace. Our broken bodies, our shattered lives, our scorched schoolyards—this is the feed stock for its last, desperate sporulation.

We must remember the truth they try to make us forget:

We do not exist for the Trichey to feast upon and play against

each other.

We exist for ourselves and for the people we consider our own.

We owe them, those who would call us our masters, NOTHING but our contempt and avoidance.

We exist together because that is what community is. And when communities stand together, different in some ways but in no way that matters to the Trichey except as a means to divide us—when we recognize our neighbors not as enemies, but as fellow Outyalowda—we can starve the blight permanently, but only if we act together. If we must aim, we best aim at the right target; not our fellow citizens.

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If They Don't Fear Revolution, Why Are They Preparing for One?

When we can't stand the broken bodies at home, they create more broken bodies abroad.

Originally Published on Nov 23, 2025

Hypothesis: Foreign minor wars have a secondary feature of allowing militarized equipment to be cycled back into domestic American communities by police and armed federal agencies.

How do you get the plebs to pay for their own occupation force? You can't, not truthfully anyway. So while the plebs reasonably fear foreign wars and abhor the war crimes, they don't pay attention to the stockpiles being diverted to the homeland because the war machine has made foreign populations suffer to keep domestic attention diverted.

I don't think it has to be that entirely, but a LOT of heavy equipment is left over when a war ends, and the now "out of date" tech can be shipped home when it's still relatively new—even though this semantic manipulation intentionally obscures that fact. It also explains why, no matter what, the US is always in some low-level, simmering conflicts, with plenty

to pick from to escalate at its leisure.

If shit gets bad at home, they make it bad elsewhere to get the gear sped up domestically and juice the war machine a bit. If they start to notice the broken bodies at home, you give them broken bodies abroad to argue among themselves about, as you ship weapons to the local precincts and barracks.

Secondary, but tangential hypothesis: In my opinion, these massive domestic arms sales provide the backbone for post-US militaries, state armed forces, or communities taking possession of police armories for self-defense, etc. Most of ours wars in recent decades are or were insurgency focused, and what kind of uprising would you fight in the domestic US if you were the national government? A guerilla war with minimal leadership and wide distribution of independent groups that no decapitation strike would solve. The hardware is perfect for the domestic deployment when domestic uprisings are genuinely considered.

They're pumping enough weapons home to create the toybox of a revolution. Once people start taking those weapons home, the calculus changes from a comfortably loyal arm of the interests at work to having effectively "armed Osama Bin Laden"—except this time, there won't be an "evil" foreigner to rally round the flag for.

If you occupy your own people, you either intentionally or unintentionally provide the soil for seizing those military supplies for their own communities' self-defense. And not every precinct has the manpower needed to defend those armories. Once someone does the math on the minimum number of bodies needed to take a precinct and its vehicles, armory, and garage, and realizes they could probably do it

without needing to fire a shot? Those dice are getting rolled.

Corroding Loyalties: The American Welwala

We all make choices. Some can be as simple as staying in bed instead of serving those in power.

Originally Published on Jan 04, 2026

The American welwala—the outyalowda who serve the state and act as its enforcers—are not a monolith. It is a condition forged in the anvil that is empire, a perversion of loyalty where the "free" mind enforces DC's false version of reality. To understand it is to map its subtypes, not to divide and conquer as the "elites" do, but to make it clear loyalty to the American Empire is a condition—not of weakness, but of the despair and isolation it manufactures and sustains.

The suffering is intentional. If we outya are fighting each other for scraps, then some of us will line up for a steady check and 'safety' among the occupation's ranks. Informants, soldiers, bluejacks, the bureaucrats who rationalize it in empty words and ink, etc. They all made the choice to become, and to remain, a facet of the occupation's infrastructure; surely they can make another choice to cease serving those who wouldn't know the difference between the blood of their enforcers and

the blood of those they occupy.

From within these ranks, we can discern four distinct archetypes, educated in the experience of an indoctrination but with little else aside from fear. First is the True Believer, who internalizes the empire's myths as sacred truth. Second is the Pragmatic Collaborator, who trades conscience for comfort, lashing out to defend a security they perceive as fragile. Third is the Propagandized, who breathes a manufactured reality, genuinely ignorant of the mountains of flesh crafted in their name. The fourth and most corrosive is the Cynical Enforcer, who acts from neither belief nor fear, but from a calculus of pure power and self-interest, knowingly serving the machinery of harvest so long as they get their cut of the spoils.

As previously stated, I don't think there are any predestined paths in life. Each day we wake up and make a million different choices. The welwala condition is a different experience for each of its variants, but at the end of the day they all serve the state and enforce its warped fantasy upon the rest of us. They choose to do so, every day, every hour. There is always another opportunity to choose a different action or even inaction.

I don't know what act will be the final drip of corrosion to a loyalty that is born of despair and fear—one that, at its core, comes from a choice DC forces upon us every moment of every day:

Do you wanna be the ass, or do you wanna be the boot?

At the end of the day, it's a false choice. Their choice. So I'm asking this—assuming any of us have a right to ask questions like this with a straight face:

Do you wanna keep being a boot? Or do you want to break the leg that wears it?

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II

Outcry

Feddies Delenda Est

The state is escalating in search of conflict, as seen with their invasion of South Shore. Below was written as a poem/lyrics.

Originally Published on Oct 11, 2025

South Shore, South Shore,
dont ya'll know we in a new war?

Didn't you see em?
Invading homes, breaking down doors,
goons in they uniforms beatin us poors,

Fuck them feddies, bring 'em down hard,
they need to fuck off, get em running for their cars.

We're sick of their shit so we're defending our own,
time to stand ground, make 'em go home.

Y'all need to leave, this ain't a fucking joke,
you best pack up, 'for we finish this toke,
if your still here when it's gone, just know you gonna choke.

Dehumanizen? Oh we been dehumanized.
The feddies and pigs they occupy,
South Shore, Los Angeles and DC,
they claimin that the enemy is you and me?

Nah bitch we just wanna make you leave us be,
yall didnt go, so now we gotta fight to be free.

Faceless fucking pricks, wanting to play the hero,
masks hiding faces as they fiddle for their Nero,
You aint even here cuz you think your really helpin,
you here cuz yo bitch be on his phone yelpin,

so now im saying this clearly, to be sure yall can hear me,
from sea to shining sea, we the people will be free.

From back east and down south to up north and out west,
We stating it plain; Feddies Delenda Est.

PROLICE DELENDA EST

Originally Published on Nov 28, 2025

If you add an "r" to police you get what they truly are;

Prolice, ICE for the Prols.
as if we got no souls,
Packing all the working class's bodies full of holes.

You can be starving, stealing a sandwich, not even 18,
the prolice see it and the hell is what they bring

they cracked his skull like an onion getting chopped,
laughing at his body cuz it was "funny" how he dropped

Be a teacher in Chicago, trying to teach your students,
afterwards they claiming it was "clearly" quite prudent

prolice abduct you, throw on the cuffs,
they don't give a damn if the kids see ya roughed

In fact, that's probably what they want,

gotta keep them kids in fear say they walking home all taut
"suspicious behavior" because a kid is fucking scared
they driving like a predator when the kids fully aware,
if he's lucky they wont shoot, maybe he'll get spared.

we're an occupied people, they don't hide it cuz they care,
every day another body, another straw, like a god damn dare.

they're preying cuz they're cowards, trying to keep us all in line,
but they keep pushing to far and it's getting about time,

we the occupied, putting you prolice on notice,
we see you, we watch you, and we have the onus.

You may have the power and the guns and the words,
but lemme fill you in on some shit you haven't heard,

we got nothing left to lose, and nothing left to win,
we've been broken, we've been beaten, but never, not again.

not one more body, not one more bullet,
your ledgers outta paper and your pen is fuckin ruined.

you took our youngest, our kindest, our sickest, and our best,
we're stating it plane; feddies et prolice delenda est!

feddies delenda est! prolice delenda est!

E PLURIBUS NULLUS

The Bluejacks Are Coming

Originally Published on Dec 14, 2025

The Bluejacks Are Coming
Bluejacks coming, DC's puppeteered
War's been declared, homelanders appear

Bluejacks calling, say to comply
But if you come out, they're always gonna lie

Bluejacks coming, get out of the street
Bitch-ass MAGA mania—the betrayals complete

Bluejacks calling, the sirens they sing,
Except it ain't live—just the terror they bring

'Cause the bluejacks are coming, the days start to wane
Breakdown expected, the state's last refrain

Empires start crumblin', when the weak have no fear—
Bluejacks are coming down... make them bastards shiver

Bluejacks are running to the evacuation zone

Forget it, lil' piggie—they left. Now you're boned

Bluejacks screaming, claiming we friends
We're done holding out—you sowed, now you get

Bluejacks be begging, say they won't track us down
But trustin' a bluejack? Their lies'll put you in the ground

Bluejacks searching, calling out with their cries
They'll lie to your face—put a bullet 'tween your eyes

The empire is crumbling, the end's speeding up
Capital stops functioning, the people've had enough

A critical error—for we have no fear
'Cause the empire's crapping out—the message delivered

The empire is crumbling, the end's coming fast
Cop cars stop running, the sirens been cracked

A critical error—we've been pushed too far
'Cause DC is coming down... we all did our part

Now get this...

Columbia calling, the district shall fall
We've bent and we've broken—our bodies are raw

The Capitol calling, a ruin on a hill
The masses still standing... they have the will

Bluejacks callin'...

Whoever said an empire has the right?
Right?
Right?
Right?

Salvage Your Rocinante, Welcome to da Belt

Gravity won't break our bodies, but they will.

Originally Published on Dec 14, 2025

I'ma tell you 'bout a man named Josephus Miller,
put a bullet in a man named Antony Dresden, a genocidal mass killer.

When asked why he did it, Miller said it plain, spitting straight facts without remorse or restraint:
"I didn't kill him 'cuz he was crazy, I killed him because he started making sense."

*His quote comes from *The Expanse*,*
but it so easily applies to our world run by the damned.

See, the Expanse ain't real but it's a goal to behold,
it ain't perfect, it ain't pretty, but it's still got a soul.

When people rationalize genocide,
mass murder so clearly organized,

it's time to stop hedging and pick a side,
left or right they just punchlines.

These are motherfucking people that suffer while we're talking,
the bodies just keep stacking and the suits they still squawking.

The blood keeps on flowing in this pit we got on Earth,
gravity may hold us but through struggle we emerge.

When the people in power say it's so complicated,
it's clear they sold their souls and how they're implicated.

So they lie and they spin and they call us fucking crazy,
while they're raking in the dollars in their backrooms all hazy.

The liberals be the ones screaming 'bout reforms,
trying to say "just organize" like they ain't been stomped before.

Conservatives, I really don't get it—
you're basically just liberals, but I guess you keep forgetting.

It ain't the ones in DC but their handlers in the shadows,
the ones raining checks on puppets and propping up their gavels.

We're just the proles being sold all this shit to just consume,
they watching what you do, you're the product of a tomb.

Sometimes you need a Belter to show you the truth,
so listen to Miller, don't care if it's couth.

The bastards in DC are just like fucking Dresden,

they selfish, they lobotomized, and foaming for your ending.

"Democrats". "Republicans". Puppets pulling strings.
The only way forward is out there, away from those things.

Space is at our fingertips, we should be getting off this rock,
but we can't, man, 'cuz they closed the lock.

Biiiiitch, we could be on Ganymede,
but you in jail for a gram of weed.

Could be flying to the rocks, hanging in the dark,
reaching our potential, juiced and burning hard.

But nah, we juiced just on lies and war crimes,
and the only burning we got is the people and these rhymes.

(spoken background: "you just had a joint now you're in one.")

Here? Prolice see a joint, he's gonna bust up your skull.
Claim you were resisting. Claim he saw it all.

Here, the feddies bash your skulls in for seeing through smoke.
On Ceres, they'd space a fucking leech that made milowda's kinder choke.

We got an atmosphere here, in this fucking pit.
Science says it's gravity but nah, that's just a script.

It's funny, you can't breathe in space, you'll die they say.
On Earth, you die with O2 in the room 'cuz insurance won't pay,

(Spoken: claim was denied, claimed you'd have died anyway. What can ya do?)

In space? Kopeng got your back, holds your drugs when you head out,
not to punish, to protect, so after work you're still around.

Now I know that blue goo in the Expanse may seem like magic
(background: "well it kinda is bro")
The thing about reality vs the one on TV, we got power to force it, it's brutal not tragic.
(background: "nah we don't need magic")

Gotta be like Miller, listen to what they say,
'cuz if they start making sense then you know how they play.

And if you know your enemy, you end them, though others may object.
Miller put him down for the lowda he protect.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know the Expanse is fiction,
but so is "realism", imperial lies, and blaming addicts for addiction.

Dresden. Psychopaths. Puppets with the keys
Expanse at our fingertips, but we're begging just to breathe.

So gather you and yours. Salvage your Rocinante.
And when they start making sense—when they start claiming it ain't yours—
you'll know what to do.

Sasa ke?

BLUEJACKS DELENDA EST

ICE gets a lot of attention, we know who they are; but they're just one of many federal facets that harms and occupies the American people here at home.

Originally Published on Dec 13, 2025

Bluejacks be lurking, chilling on the corner
They be the ones snatchin kids for "disorder"

When I say bluejacks yall be acting all confused,
So ima spell it out, see I'm talking bout these dudes;

First we gonna name the heartless FBI,
They always bein sneaky with deception skills so high

They saw the Black Panthers, feeding and teaching, protecting and uniting,
So they leaked their leaders floor plans, planting scum to cause his dying

(Spoken; talking about Fred Hampton, look that shit up yo. Pigs got no idea bout justice.)

Bluejacks are bastards, the blue jackets make it fucking clear
They're just a mob given guns and a badge, mace your face and fucking leer.

(Shouted) BLUEJACKS DELENDA EST! IMPERIUM DELENDA EST!

Bashing in skulls makes em feel complete,
Protect and serve the bosses while slobbering on their feets

(Spoken; Talking bout God damn bootlickers, and not the consensual kink kind.)

Next on my list we got the psychopathic cia,
A terrorist organization that launches coups to this day

They overthrow Irans democracy way back in the 50s,
So the people tossed they puppet out and now they somehow enemies?

All over some fields owned by BP,
So we spilled their blood from the Caspian to the Sea.

(Spoken; June 2025 the US killed over 500 innocent people with the Israelis, violating international law and committing more war crimes. ITS BEEN 50 YEARS AMERICA. YOU FUCKING LOST. GET OVER IT!)

Third on the list be those bitch ass dea,
In the 80s they sold coke but still lock you all away,
Just for the horror when you had a fucking jay.

The bastards that sold crack, just to make the inner cities rot,
Somehow be the ones who finna legalize pot?

(Spoken; they had a dea judge in control of rescheduling weed, how the fuck is that rational, put the guy who locks you away for weed in charge of whether he can lock you away for weed. Fuck off.)

Bluejacks be the bastards, they the Stasi in our streets
They grind us in the ground, but we know they can be beat.

No justice for milowda then no safety for the bosses,
When the people are united they wont know nothing but their losses

Now ya know number four gonna be the ATF,
Yall betta look up Waco they killed em while they slept.

Them piggies got called to testify and all it showed they souls decrepit.
We all saw the bodies, broken little kids,

Their flesh charred, the bones broke, reminds me of ruby ridge.

(Shouted) BLUEJACKS DELENDA EST! IMPERIUM DELENDA EST!

ALL BLUEJACKS ARE BASTARDS, BLUEJACKS AINT BULLET PROOF,
THEY'LL BE THE ONE WITH A BARREL TO YOUR SKULL, MAKIN, BRAINS GO "POOF!"

BLUEJACKS ARE JUST OCCUPIERS, KEEPIN US IN LINE
WE ALL KNOOOW, ITS BOUT TIME!

(Spoken; when I say ALL bluejacks are bastards, that means all these soulless mother fuckers, breaking our backs to feel something since they don't know how empathy works)

(Chant)
BLUEJACKS DELENDA EST!
PROLICE DELENDA EST!
FEDDIES DELENDA EST!
IMPERIUM DELENDA EST!
E PLURIBUS NULLUS!

Party at the White House

They won't give you food stamps but they'll give themselves a gilded ball room.

Originally Published on Nov 10, 2025

I have this image in my head: a Joker-like crowd of people breaking through the gates of the White House and partying in the gilded ballroom—a celebration that puts the Jefferson inauguration parties to shame. They're dancing and laughing because now the masters will feel the boot they so long put on us and our families. There's no plan, just a new ballroom hosting its first event. They're smiling because finally, after centuries, the boot is off their necks.

I don't mean Joker as in painted faces, but in their refusal to accept the false reality the man in the ballroom lived in and tried to make reality against the interests of all others. I wouldn't attach a negative view to them. These are people who have lost decades, families, their very freedom, due to this system. You can only bend a piece of wood so far before it starts splintering, and unless the pressure ceases, it begins to break apart into pieces.

They'd also probably make some comments if state media

ran long enough to call them Jan 6 like activists or something—remarks about how Jan 6 was a really bad joke, but their joke actually had a punchline.

All I Wanted Was A Garden; But the Occupation Said No

Originally Published on Jan 06, 2026

All I wanted was a garden,
inside my only home,

but before I got started
had a friend who told me, "Yo,
can't grow bud less you want feddies at your door,
pervs using thermal cameras,
another law they just ignore."

All I ever wanted was to watch it grow,
lil green sprout, two mini leafs from the embryo.
Just at heart a little kid tracking mud in,
playing in the dirt, see the stem stretchin'.

But they told the kid in me no,
that I really should just "let it go."
Couldn't believe I didn't know—
it's just a fucking plant, feds can go blow.

All I ever wanted was a garden,
but then I found it was a crime.
With one path blocked, I tried to take the second,
speaking my mind.

But they said it was incitement,
made it clear they weren't jokin'.
So path two got closed,
and I'd barely even spoken,
when all I really wanted was a garden
to grow a toke in.

All I ever wanted was a garden,
a place to grow some leaf.
And being naive, and super white,
had a kopeng shatter that belief.

I had thought, how can a plant be a crime?
It grows in the dirt, its leaves intertwined.

So I asked my friend, what about shrooms?
They're small, they're easy, and they'll make us intune.

Only for them to say, are you fucking high?
They'll bust down your door for that shit too?
Are you really that dumb or you got no clue?

Didn't know it was that bad, didn't think it could.
I mean, don't we live in the land of the free?
I was wrong, I was stupid, and I should have fucking listened,
but that ain't really me—I'm a lil slow, B.

Just wanted to watch spores split,
not my fucking skull.
But they claim I broke the rules
so their beating me was lawful.

Fine—can't grow? I'll speak instead.
I'll write it all down, get some knowledge in their heads.
If botany's a crime then we'd all be dead.
Sounds like a fucking rule written by feds.

Three paths forward,
Path 1 been closed.
Now path number two
is gonna be the one I know.

Tried getting out the word,
try to get 'em all aware.
They say, "I'm just a druggy, fuck the hell off, we don't care."

I keep on pushing, trying to spread the word:
it's not the substance, but growing from the earth.

I was just trying to say, in my own lil way,
somewhere out there has to be a line of words I could say.

All I wanted was to grow a couple of shrooms.
They look like dicks which is funny,
and they ain't take up much room.

So I tried to write songs and papers and truths.
Tried to follow path 2 but my corpus been habeused.

So path number 2 got slammed in my face.
Lucky—got no time—but my heart still be braced.

I thought I'd try a monotub, and they wouldn't let me.
Botany, mycology... it's just their state of peace I envy.

I wasn't trying to cause trouble,
just wanna grow an herb,

but if I fucking do they gonna put me in an urn.
I ain't sitting in a cell just to feel the earth turn.
If that's how they playing,
the last path is that they burn

If I cannot have my garden,
if I cannot speak my mind...
these bluejacks keep pushing,
we're being pushed past the line.

Three paths forward,
and they've slammed two paths now closed.
They can spit lies but we all know inside,
this is not the path we chose.

I didn't wanna have ta fucking take this way,
it ain't my style and it really hurts my brain.
But millions here in the states, we always be in pain.
We gave 'em everything but still they want us maimed.

Can't grow in peace, and they punish for the truth.
There's only one other way,

and it's the one we didn't choose.

All I Wanted was a garden, but the occupation said no,
Fuck these gangsters and the wind unleashed from their throats

I'm flipping them off until we flipping them over,
The bluejacks are roadblocks but Path 3 still be forward.

E PLURIBUS NULLUS

Feddies et Imperium Delenda Est

We die if we resist, we die if we comply; why not fight back, while standing side by side?

Originally Published on Jan 11, 2026

South Shore, South Shore
just the first front in an old war

Didn't you see em?

Invading homes, breaking down doors,
goons in they uniforms beatin us poors,

Minnie-appolis,
dont ya'll know this some real shit?

Her last name Good, but that wasnt good enough
shot her 3 times, called her "fucking bitch" like he being all tough

North-ridge, North-ridge,
are ya'll really gonna chill with this?

His name was Kieth Porter, just 43,
had two kids could be you or me

2026, new year same shit,
yo outyalowda are we really gonna sit with this?

them boots on our knecks and we barely breathin
aint the anger building, when we getting even?

they put you down for breathing, then claim you resisted
bullets in your skull, actin all twisted,

we die if we resist, we die if we comply,
why not fight back, be one hell of a ride

Didn't you see em?

Invading homes, breaking down doors,
goons in they uniforms beatin you and yours,

South Shore, South Shore,
dont ya'll know we in a true war?

Cali, Kansas, Florida too,
are these masked fucks chill with you?

Didn't you see em?

Murdering drivers, shooting car doors,
bastards needin bullets killing you and yours,

Fuck them feddies, bring 'em down hard,
they need to fuck off, get em running for they cars.

We're sick of their shit so we're defending our own,
time to stand ground, make 'em go home.

Y'all need to leave, this ain't a fucking joke,
you best pack up, 'for we finish this toke,
if your still screamin when it's gone, just know you gonna choke.

Dehumanized? Oh we been dehumanized.
The feddies, them welwala they occupy,

South Shore, Los Angeles and DC,
they claimin that the enemy is you and me?

Nah bitch we just wanna get you off our streets
we aint chris hansen, you aint aint getting no seats

Faceless fucking pricks, wanting to play the hero,
masks hiding faces as they fiddle for their Nero,

You aint even here cuz you think your really helpin,
you here cuz yo bitch be on his phone yelpin,

your bodies can leave, but your guns gonna stay,
cuz if this a war, then we aint here to play.

if you come for us, we coming back at you,
you put a bullet in our bodies then bitch you getting 2.

so now im saying this clearly, to be sure yall can hear me,
from sea to shining sea, we the people makin free

From back east and down south to up north and out west,
We stating it plain; Feddies Delenda Est.

South Shore, South Shore
just a new front in an old war

Minnie-appolis,
are you really Good with this?

North-ridge, North ridge,
its time we learn to sharpen shivs

we die if we resist, we die if we comply,
why not fight back, while we standin side by side?

III

Glossary & Context

Lang Lowda

Bluejack (singular noun)

Bluejacks (plural noun)

Members of joint operations between **feddies** and **prolice**, identifiable only by their matching blue jackets rather than specific agency markings.

Context:

When federal and local agencies operate together, individual identification becomes impossible. Like soldiers in matching uniforms, they function as a single force—the specific agency or department becomes irrelevant to those on the receiving end.

Examples:

- *I don't care if he's a cop or a feddie, doesn't matter—he's still a **bluejack**.*
- *The prolice and the DEA did a coordinated entrapment scheme in Kentucky. Leave it to the **bluejacks** to blow up a weed farm.*
- *When the **bluejacks** showed up at 3 AM, no one could tell who was actually in charge or which agency to file the complaint with afterward.*

Domestic Adventurism (noun):

The strategic deployment of national militarized forces within a nation's own territory, where the primary intent is to provoke escalation, civilian resistance to gain emergency powers, create propaganda, institutional or personal aggrandizement, or demonstrate impunity rather than the stated reason for the operations.

Origin:

Coined in 2025 in response to militarized federal operations in American cities.

Example

- *The deployment of federal forces in the South Shore neighborhood of Chicago was a clear act of* ***Domestic Adventurism****, designed to provoke a confrontation and justify the expansion of federal power, rather than to ensure public safety.*

Feddies (plural noun)
Feddie (noun, singular)

The militarized federal agencies of the United States (e.g., FBI, ATF, ICE, CBP, DEA) that conduct armed operations within America's domestic borders.

Context:

These agencies, as seen in **South Shore**, Chicago among other cities, operate in tandem as a single, occupying domestic army; in their roles as an invading force that terrorized and abducted US citizens, violated constitutional rights as a matter of course, and has been documented repeatedly lying in court.

Examples

- *The raid was a joint operation between the local prolice and the **Feddies**, they should be picking up all these empty milk jugs.*
- *They had lied to the judge so many times, she admitted to having had an incredibly difficult time believing anything that came out of that **feddie**'s mouth.*
- *When the **Feddies** showed up in their armored vehicles to arrest a blogger for 'terrorism,' we knew it had begun.*

Proposed term;

Fuhrercrat (**singular noun**), *Fuhrercrats* (**plural noun**)

Definition;

A self-centered, petty, despotic bureaucrat who inflates their narrow, delegated authority into something absolute—acting as if they are superior to the civilians they are paid to serve, treating paperwork and technicalities not as neutral duties but as instruments of personal power.

Context;

A combination of "Fuhrer" and "Bureaucrat".

Example 1;

Kim Davis. A county clerk who treated her mundane task of stamping marriage certificates as if it were her domain and played a victim when confronted.

Example 2;

The DMV clerk who denies a renewal because a form was signed in blue ink instead of black, smirking as they say "rules are rules."

Gravitational Refugee (noun):

Definition:

A person who must leave their current gravitational environment—whether seeking lower gravity (such as the Moon's 0.16g or Mars's 0.38g) or higher gravity (hypothetically)—to avoid environmentally induced organ dysfunction, musculoskeletal deconditioning, neuropathy, or cardiovascular insufficiency that would otherwise result in chronic illness or physiological failure.

Context:

Someone born on Mars who comes to visit Earth (*hypothetical future where humans are on Mars)*, and they visit Earth but their heart is to weak to handle our gravity, their bones cant stand up as well to support their bodies full weight because now its more than doubled everything they've ever known except the transit. They would fair far better on Luna than on Earth if for whatever reason Mars was lost to them and they could not return.

Those same conditions we call diseases and chronic illness on Earth, when if they occurred in someone from say, Martian level gravity, no one would fault them or call them faulty, they'd just realize the environment, the earths gravity itself is deadly to some people, except currently all of those who suffer unnecessarily suffer daily and are told they and their bodies are the problem, they are not, this is just literally the wrong gravitational level for their bodies.

Examples:

My aunt is a Gravitational Refugee, the doctors said her heart would heal more strongly if she recovered on the moon, I'm gonna visit her next month!

Clara is a Gravitational Refugee, she moved to Luna at 6 due to skeletal condition, and has adapted so well she runs and plays with everyone else now at 12. She's even thinking about signing up for soccer.

Think I'd get accepted as a gravitational refugee? My neuropathy makes it hard to work most days and my legs never stop screaming at me, I heard they had uniform pressure there and without the storms causing pressure shifts they might finally stop screaming.

Homelander Event (noun):

A hypothetical scenario where a heavily militarized U.S. police officer or federal agent, emulating the psychotic superhero from The Boys, intentionally or not, snaps and fires live rounds indiscriminately into a crowd of civilians.

Context:

The term highlights the terrifying convergence of three factors: the influx of military-grade weapons to police departments (via programs like the 1033 program), lowered recruitment standards, and a documented pattern of officers losing composure and using excessive force on crowds (e.g., with rubber bullets during the 2020 protests).

Examples:

- *The way that cop was screaming at us walking past the protest with his finger on the trigger, oof. Could have sworn we were seconds from a* ***Homelander Event****.*
- *Arming federal agents with LMGs is just begging for a* ***Homelander Event****; they act like they're untouchable.*

Outyalowda (plural noun)
Outyalowda (singular noun, collective)

A large, dispersed group of millions to be harvested economically and physically with their bodies and time. Those left behind by the centers of power that cannot hold without intentionally causing and stoking divisions in those they abandon.

Context:

From Belter Creole: **outya** (outer) + **lowda** (people). The primary resource for the **Bluejacks**, **Prolice**, and **Feddies**. Targeted through divisions of class, neurotype, and culture but not limited to them, to prevent collective recognition of their condition as a harvested class. Primarily applies to the occupied peoples within the domestic United States, but not limited to it.

Examples:

- *The culture war is a management tool. Keep the **Outyalowda** fighting each other so they don't notice who's holding the ledger.*
- *Every fine, every quota, every stolen home, every no-knock raid—just standard extraction from the **Outyalowda**.*
- *They don't see citizens. They see **Outyalowda**. A renewable resource to be mined until our veins run dry.*

Prolice (noun)
I.C.E. for the Proles.
Context

With Proles directly referencing the novel "1984"'s term for the working class and the "Immigration and Customs

Enforcement", conveying the tactics and behavior used by the Prolice as indistinguishable from ICE, the distinction being that Prolice operate as permanent local garrisons or "law enforcement".

Examples

- *Seems pretty obvious their raid on that homeless encampment was unnecessary **prolice** bullshit.*
- *Seems all that **prolice** cruiser does is sit in that blind spot and chase people down when they're going 5 over the limit. Gotta fill those Quotas somehow.*
- *Typical **prolice**, they can't do anything about our busted window but they arrested the neighbor for a cbd joint. Shouldn't have called them in the first place.*

Trichey (singular noun)

Trichey (plural noun)

Definition:

The innermost, parasitic mold at the core of the American Empire. It commands—and is to some degree composed of—the elites and those in government. It pervades the empire at every level, operating as the ultimate, insulated layer of controlling interests, existing beyond any system of imperial or international justice.

Examples:

- *"The politician is a welwala with a title. The donor who owns him is **Trichey**."*
- *"You think the Governor calls the shots? Nah, he's just a **Trichey** in waiting and won't risk pissing them off."*

- *"It doesn't matter if the people in power die. There's always another **Trichey** lackey ready to jump in the empty seat. New boss, same as the old boss."*

Welwala (singular noun)
Welwala (plural noun)
Definition 1:
A member of the Outyalowda in service to the Trichey. Its enforcers (Bluejacks, Feddies, Prolice) and its bureaucrats, though not limited to them. Categorized into four non-mutua lly-exclusive types:

- **True Believer:** who internalizes the empire's myths as sacred truth.
- **Pragmatic Collaborator:** who trades conscience for comfort, lashing out to defend a security they perceive as fragile.
- **The Propagandized:** who breathes a manufactured reality, genuinely ignorant of the mountains of flesh crafted in their name.
- **Cynical Enforcer:** who acts from neither belief nor fear, but from a calculus of pure power and self-interest, knowingly serving the machinery of harvest so long as they get their cut of the spoils.

Definition 2:
A traitor to the Outyalowda.
Examples:

- *"You see that cop over there? Bluejack uniform, same vacant*

*stare. Textbook **welwala**."*

- *"Don't talk to building management. It's a **welwala** pit—they'll log everything and call the Prolice."*
- *"The judge wasn't impartial. She was a **welwala** in a robe, serving the ledger."*

IV

Field Notes

Those lost are never truly gone, lest we forget them or harden our hearts.

On Incitement and the Criminalization of Observation

You may need glasses, but your eyes are not lying.

Written on January 15th, 2026

It must be a weak system if a booklet can be considered a threat. If writings are treated as weapons of terror, it says more about what the state fears than what is actually harmful to the citizens it occupies.

Laws regarding incitement violate the First Amendment. Any system so rotten that a collection of writings can bring it down—or even pose a risk to it—is running on borrowed time. Such a system knows its end is near. It simply refuses to accept that it has become, and is, the problem.

It is the system in control that has shaped this reality, molded the current welfare or lack thereof. The writer did not create the universe. They merely observed it and put it to paper. To criminalize speech is to criminalize sight itself—to insist our tongues be taken and our eyes evicted from our skulls.

Any people roused to action by writings are not incited by the text itself. They are incited by the very reality they exist within. The masses are not animals lusting for an excuse; they

are human beings who wish to live their lives without interference from a parent-like authority that demands subservience while lashing out in tantrums.

To criminalize speech is to shout to the world and to all free peoples that a monster walks among them, and that monster is the very thing that claims to protect them. It mutilates in our names, for "peace," for "order," but never for justice. Never for liberation. Only for its own ends.

On the Federal Insurrection Against the American People

Sic semper tyrannis.

Written January 16th, 2026

The denial of prescribed medications, a legal requirement, is knowingly conflated with "non-compliance." This conflation leads to the murder of abductees who demand what is rightfully theirs.

For some, this is medical torture: forced withdrawal, the catastrophic loss of bodily stability from hormone deprivation, or the denial of medicines that allow for a normal life. It is the theft of a person's own body and mind. This is the 6th and 8th Amendments violated in open view—the state's declaration that we must comply with its inhuman demands or deserve to die for our lack of subservience.

When a government institution so blatantly disregards the people and the system it claims to serve, it must not be tolerated. It must be fought. This is an insurrection against the people of these United States, conducted with the full force of the federal parasite in DC.

DC prolongs its domestic adventurism, seeking enough

rightful resistance to justify the Insurrection Act. But it is we the people who must invoke that act against DC, for it is DC that leads the charge against the last remnants of our republic—a structure buried under two centuries of its own shaky shelves.

We witnessed it on January 15th, 2026. Community members physically defended a man from abduction, armed with nothing but a broom handle and a snow shovel—the tools of the Outyalowda. As the three began to turn the tables, the occupation's soldier, lashing out like a cornered animal, shot and wounded the intended abductee. Having lost the fight, it chose to kill.

I will not comply with Immigration and Customs Enforcement. Their authority does not apply to US citizens. They cannot abduct us without blatantly violating the law. As shown in Minneapolis, they will abduct citizens for speech, beat them, and drop them miles away without charge—because there is no crime. CBP's authority does not extend beyond 100 miles inside the border. I am in Indiana. That fact is obvious, though those liars would claim an airport grants them the heartland. To accept a 100-mile radius from every port is to surrender the continent as their playground. I reject that premise entirely.

The legality of these armed federal agencies is itself a fraud, an unconstitutional abuse of the Commerce Clause and judicial review, built upon the illegitimate ruling of Marbury v. Madison. But that is for another day.

To surrender to them would be to surrender my mind, my sense of self, and my physical and spiritual autonomy. I would rather die—which, as occupation forces, they would likely be eager to oblige.

A mobster with a weapon is just a mobster, badge or no

badge. At least the mob without the badge doesn't gaslight you for fighting back. A real mob doesn't beat you if you pay. But this mob? We are the protection money. We buy their weapons, their gear, their every toy—and they still beat and torture us. A badge-less mob follows through; it takes your money and leaves you alone. We'd be lucky to have that kind of mob instead of the one we have.

If we can't even have a real mob, at least we have snow shovels, broom handles, & eachother, sasa ke?

Beneath the Geneva Conventions: We Get Gassed, Our Enemies Do Not

They use more restraint in a war zone than they do with us.

Originally Published on January 22nd, 2026

Chemical weapons such as tear gas are banned by the Geneva Convention—specifically the 1993 Chemical Weapons Convention, which the US ratified; so are all hollow-point bullets under the 1899 Hague Declaration, a core principle of the laws of war. American prolice and their feddie counterparts use them as a matter of course.

Prisoners of war get treated better than imprisoned Americans do, as the GC provides a floor. The Geneva Conventions are the bare minimum for how we treat enemy armies; we shouldn't be treating our own people worse than we treat nations we are actively at war with.

This reveals a brutal truth: They treat enemy combatants with more restraint and care than they do their own people.

We have tried overthrowing Syria's president, citing his use of chemical weapons against his own people. Yet we gas our own people. We recently succeeded in installing an al-Qaeda operative as the Syrian President. By its own proclaimed logic,

doesn't that mean our system must be overthrown? And by their own logic, shouldn't it be by an insurgent they have deemed a terrorist?

And if they won't, what does that say about how they perceive the American people?

If we are treated worse than the enemy of our country, doesn't that imply we are the ones deemed more dangerous to our own government? It implies we are seen as a force to be quelled with counter-insurgency tactics and weaponry beyond even the pale of what other nations experienced during literal civil wars. It implies we are in a cold civil war—or a cold ceasefire akin to the ceasefire the Israelis use with Palestine: we cease, they fire.

This is unacceptable, impermissible, and will not last without creating the very revolution it seeks to imprison by seeing all of us as potential revolutionaries. They are scared of us; they despise us for our very existence, and they despise us for not staying in line. "They" is not just the soldier in the street, but the institutions that arm and fund the soldiers who treat us as cattle to be kept in line rather than sentient beings to be served. They see us as meat for the machine—to enter the slaughterhouse as a whole person and exit shattered and processed, unrecognizable.

We must stop walking into the slaughterhouses and fight back.

My theory is this: eventually the occupation will illegally and unconstitutionally invade another home, as they've done so many times before. But this time the people within it will be armed, ready, and waiting. They will defend themselves by the Constitution and the inherent right to self-defense that any sentient being has—and they will win. The invaders will

call it terrorism and launch a manhunt for these free people who defended their homes in accordance with the law, and they will fail.

The revolution will begin with the people fighting back, and in some ways it may already have begun. Be it with the two outyalowda that came to the defense of a man being beaten by the occupation soldier—fighting with only a broom handle and a snow shovel. They were imprisoned by the occupation, but they rose to the occasion to defend a fellow human being from those who treat us as less than human.

We are more than their harvest.

We are a people.

A free people.

It's time we start reminding them of that.

Any Prison Can Be the Bastille

A French holiday inspired by the first American Revolution; Liberty is Infectious

Originally Published on January 26th, 2026

DC be the ones, telling pigs to be sadistic
they tested all their systems on the outyalowdas children

Caging all the kids for daring to scream,
trying to make homes not some fucking dream,

That's when you gotta fight, punch em in the balls,
these pigs gassing kids as they beat em in the halls

If we stop paying taxes, if we start fighting back
they'll line us all up and put our bodies on the racks

For our trouble we get headshots, blood clots,
when we die our bodies rot
and they say we're the fuckin terrorists.

The pigs fight for the rich, never on our side
if you had a home before they showed,
they'd strike a match,
lock you in, and let it ride

"THEY WERE STILL KILLING US, YALL JUST CLAIMED NOT TO SEE IT.
THEY WERE JUST KILLING US SLOW, A LIVING HORSE THEY BEATING"

For Keith, for Renee, for Alex, for them all
The masses are united with our backs against the wall

We take the prisons like the French took the Bastille
Free all the people then we bring the pigs to heel

No justice no peace, no longer just cries
we'll hang em from the rafters, til the lights leave their eyes

The Shots Heard Around the World & the Second American Revolution

They kept throwing sparks on gasoline and expecting they would be safe. Fire spreads dumbasses.

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State forces can and must defend their populations from armed federal agencies. These are not legitimate authorities. They are an illegal occupation and detention force—with their own prisons, their own ranks, and their own stockpiles of military hardware and chemical weapons, all used against the American people.

Let us be clear: All armed federal agencies are unconstitutional.

The Tenth Amendment leaves anything not mentioned in the Constitution to the states or to the people, except by constitutional amendment. No amendment was passed to allow for a permanent federal armed police. Immigration, prohibition, domestic crime—these are powers of the states.

Look at the Prohibition amendments. The 18th Amendment, Section 2, states plainly:

"The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent

power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Even when the federal government was given a role, it was concurrent—not superior. And with the 21st Amendment, that power wasn't just repealed; it was explicitly returned to the states. Section 2 defers the legality of alcohol to state law. This sets a precedent: if the federal government wants to prohibit something with armed force, it requires an amendment. One item, one amendment. Not a statute. Not a bureaucratic decree.

Therefore, every armed federal agency created since—the DEA, ATF, FBI, ICE, CBP, DHS—is null and void. Their authority is false. Their legitimacy is non-existent. And our obedience is behind us.

The "necessary and proper" clause doesn't give them the right to make militarized agencies. A bureaucrat doesn't need a baton and a bag of bullets.

The Commerce Clause cannot be used to justify circular logic for a pre-determined outcome. That is an abuse of the text, warped by the shaky shelves of judicial review built upon Marbury v. Madison—the poisonous tree.

Practical necessity doesn't mean the people in power get to dictate to all fifty states what their citizens can and cannot do in their own homes, without representation save for the corrupt managers of the empire in DC.

You don't let a rotten tree hang over your house just because its roots are tangled in the foundation. You secure the foundation.

For those in Congress, the Trichey and their loyal aristocrats, who say—even as a man is gunned down in the street after a gang of federal soldiers beat him—that they "stand with ICE" or "stand with CBP":

Well, they're standing on our necks.

And that means you are too.

Look at what you're defending. Otherwise, we end up where we are today: not even a month into 2026, and three people have been murdered by CBP and ICE. Citizens are building barricades in their neighborhoods after an execution in the street—a citizen labeled a "domestic terrorist" by the Department of Homeland Security, another militarized agency created without amendment. As if the word terrorist could strip a person of God-given constitutional rights.

Every armed federal agency that polices the American people is illegitimate, illegal, and abhorrent. They must be rejected from the states and from our communities. They must be disarmed and disbanded. The appropriate constitutional avenue for any such authority is amendment—or no action at all.

The states are sovereign entities. But since Marbury and the failure of Prohibition, the federal government has used its shaky shelves to bury and suffocate them, turning free peoples into mere components of its vast, parasitic body.

Each agency violates not just the Tenth Amendment. They are a direct violation of the Third—forced funding, forced compliance, stolen homes. They violate the Fifth—murders of American citizens without due process. They violate the Eighth—medical torture by withholding prescribed treatment, sometimes killing inmates for demanding their rights. They run domestic prisoner-of-war camps, some even repurposed from WWII concentration camps like Fort Sill and Crystal City, now holding modern-day abductees—including citizens.

When we are not safe in our homes, they are quartered. They use our dwellings for the state's ends, not for those who live

there. They claim we lead an insurrection. That we commit treason.

They call us traitors for defending our homes. But treason is when an officer of the state betrays their oath. Who swore to uphold the Constitution? Not the man with the broom handle. The man with the badge.

If it is treason, I regret I have only one life to give for my community. Though they may hang me separately, I will know others remain to continue the fight—to build the barricades against an occupation that has infested this nation for over a century.

DC has committed treason. Multiple, endless times. Treason has a cost—one they are only eager to throw at us.

Thankfully, gravity is universal. Eventually, all shaky shelves and root-infested foundations give way. It may not be today, or tomorrow, or if you give a dragon tree fiddy. But it will erode. And it will fall.

January of 2026 isn't even over. The temperature is zero degrees Fahrenheit, with drifts of snow making errands impossible.

But things still feel like they're heating up.

We the Occupied: There is no Justice, and this is not Peace

Welcome to Oceania; where endless war is peace, assault is protection, and truth is whatever they say it is.

Originally Published on February 10th, 2026

When robbing a house unarmed leads to multiple charges, potentially decades, when the robbery was peaceful, non-threatening, and careful, it effectively encourages brutal and bloodier methods.

If you face prison for a century just trying to feed your family, why would you be careful when careful could lead to your life being lost behind bars?

The system's violation of double jeopardy via charge stacking leads to a higher body count, more harm, and less justice for everyone.

Fearing a cop in traffic if you're black, because if he's having a bad day you may get raped in jail that evening because he decides you were resisting or some other bullshit charge.

When you can be minding your business one moment

and could be facing systematic rape and violation through no fault of your own, just your skin color and a pissed off occupation soldier behind on quotas, you are living through and experiencing an occupation that refuses to admit it is one, and one that charges you for terrorism for even suggesting it if you're even around weaponry or people they deem as suspicious.

Charge stacking is a clear, plain text case of double jeopardy.

Its legality only clearable due to the false notion of judicial review.

It's coercive and used to scare innocent people into taking a plea deal because the state can't do anything when discredited in court in a jury trial per the 6th Amendment.

It's a coercive system that clearly violates the 5th Amendment in plain text reading.

As in *Marbury v. Madison* and as ever after, the court can say what it wants, but I am operating from the position that case and judicial review itself was an illegal power grab that has been used to nullify and invert the Bill of Rights, abuse the Commerce Clause to bypass the necessary amendment process, and turned the American heartland into an occupied patchwork of collaborating and subjugated territories.

Circular logic may make sense in the circle, but outside looking at it, it's the dot in the "i" of a Jeremy Berimy (*The Good Place*).

That is how counter arguments come off: ends justifying

the means and creating powers from blank paper.

One would expect my main guffaw would be the Second Amendment and the Court's limitations on that article, but my main concern has been more that prison rape is an expected and mocked aspect of confinement pre-conviction, violating the Eighth on unconvicted, often for quotas of the occupation's soldiers, with no ruling ever reached to establish guilt, let alone dissuade from their innocence.

It is guilty until proven lucky, not innocent until proven guilty.

No wonder American English is its own language; nothing we say means what we claim it means.

To quote South Park: *"Leave it to Americans to think that 'no' means yes, 'pissed' means angry, and 'curse word' means something other than a word that's cursed!"*

Self-defense in prison against such assaults is often punished with no interest in context, turning a person defending themselves from rape and bodily violation into a murderer, and punishing them further by adding additional sentences, being tortured via solitary confinement, or even further punishment by confinement, inedible food, inadequate or non-existent real-time medical care; and most of that is what they already experience, but self-defense against impending harm is in itself a known reason to torture inmates via unconventional means.

It is an intentionally cruel, brutal, and humanity-erasing process that violates the Geneva and Hague Conventions on prisoners of war, and that's just by glancing at history,

not even deep diving.

Just observation.

When you live in an undeclared war zone your entire life, you have every right to demand POW conditions under the Geneva and Hague Conventions, obscured by them refusing to admit they are at war with us and they treat us as less than human.

Do we have to declare secession to get rights as POWs, to provoke a tyrant to demand fair treatment?

No matter what we do, we are beaten, bloodied, and our bodies violated in every way imaginable.

No one believes the occupied peoples, but they'll quote the occupation as if it's fact.

Erosion, Revolution, & the First of Many

Even a failed revolution can create a path for the next to succeed.

Originally Published on February 28th, 2026

Just because a revolution fails does not mean it will always fail.

Empires are like great monuments of blood, boulders, and bones. They rise, imposing and eternal, but they are never immune to the weather or the consequences of their own actions. Time and people work upon them, slowly, invisibly, until the stone begins to flake and the mortar turns to dust. And sometimes the empire salts its own foundation — through cruelty, through overreach, through the quiet accumulation of grievances it pretends not to see. The erosion need not come entirely from without. The empire does not fall in a day. It falls when the last wave of revolution — the one we record in the history books — finally topples what all the others had spent years, decades, even centuries, weakening.

This is a feedback cycle. Once a revolutionary ethos is born, once it is forged in the fire of that first, desperate uprising,

something irreversible has occurred. A crack has been made. And where one revolution fails, another will eventually find that crack and push harder. The first may be crushed, its leaders hanged or sent before the firing squads, but their cause does not die with them. It smolders. It becomes the ember that future revolutionaries gather around, cupping their hands to shelter it from the wind, waiting for the moment to breathe it back into flame — a final gasp of the first, enduring in the second, and the third, and however many it takes.

Others will tell you the revolution will never work. They point to the power of the empire, its armies, its walls, its permanence. But they are looking at the building, not the weather. They do not understand that great works take time to collapse under their own weight. They do not see that a revolution which cracks the foundation — but fails to breach the seawall — is still a rousing success. It proves, at minimum, that the wall can be breached — that the empire is not forever.

If a cause is truly necessary, if it is just, no bullet can silence it. No censure can censor it. It will outlast every palace, every dynasty, every empire that tries to stamp it out. It may be the singular force that brings the whole structure down, or it may be one of a million small erosions, working in concert with time and tide, with or without conflict. But it will endure.

The waves break along the shore of the imperial foundation — wave after wave, body after body — ceaseless, without regret or hesitation. The stone is worn away. The damage accrues. The building decays as it seeks to persist. The waves care not for the madman screaming at them from on high.

Homelands, the Holocaust, and the Unimportant Victims

I don't want a home built on mass graves, but that didn't stop Israel.

Originally Published on March 2nd, 2026

Queer people, disabled people, Romani people—so many groups were exterminated en masse in the Holocaust. But where's my queer homeland? My autistic homeland? Right. It wasn't just one group that was targeted. And if the justification for a Jewish state rests on the suffering of the Holocaust, then why do the other targeted groups not also deserve a land of their own?

Instead, we're expected to exist as the others did: stateless, scattered, surviving as minorities in countries that were never carved out for us. Queer people and disabled people have been targeted just as ruthlessly as Jews were—before, during, and after the Holocaust. We have our own cultures, our own histories, our own ways of communicating and surviving. We are peoples.

If it's antisemitic to question the existence of a Jewish state, then by that same logic, it's ableist and queerphobic to deny

the same right to us. And yet, here we are—still waiting for a homeland that will never come. Still expected to be grateful for whatever scraps of peace we're thrown, even as our own leaders call us predators, criminals, and monsters. Sound familiar?

The difference is, we didn't attempt genocide against an innocent people to carve out a land dripping in blood and denial as we called it sacred. But Israel did. And still does, to this day.

A Monkey Thinks a Microwave Is Just a Rock

and Humans think orbit is just a line.

Originally Published on March 4th, 2026

Had an idea for a piece on orbital weapons platforms as a non-nuclear alternative to WMD, as they're cheaper, easier to hide, and have no radiation, plus can be much more finely tuned depending on rod type, composition, size, and velocity. For a nation like Iran—facing nuclear-armed superpowers and their allies who have spent decades attempting to overthrow its government—this could be a truly defensive and proportional alternative to seeking nuclear weapons.

If your people are not allowed to exist without economic and physical assault for over five decades, you are effectively forced toward WMD to ensure national safety and the ability to keep existing when attacked by a rogue state and its superpower backer. Iran has watched its neighbors invade, its scientists assassinated, its infrastructure sabotaged, and its government targeted for overthrow again and again. To protect one's own people under such conditions, kinetic bombardment platforms could offer a path that does not require crossing the

nuclear threshold.

Precise small rods could deliver individual strikes with minimal damage outside the target. Microrods could, in theory, assassinate a genocidal warmonger from orbit while he's safely in his palace or walking through the open. It need not be a city killer, but a weapon of proportional scaling, developed as an attempt at enforcing one's own sovereignty after being toppled and then attempted to be re-toppled so many times over half a century.

Military uses could include sinking warships with micro-hits—almost like orbital shrapnel, disabling ships so they sink slowly but unpreventably, neutralizing command towers, even disabling individual guns on warships so they can be boarded. It could replace long-range artillery, long-range missiles, short-range missiles, and more. For a nation like Iran, surrounded by hostile naval forces and military bases, such capability would fundamentally alter the balance of power in its region.

Copper-coated rods could be used as EMP variants to take out industrial and infrastructure networks without harming civilians, disabling anti-air and ground systems that are so heavily electronic and complicated, turning them to paper-weights long enough for defensive operations to neutralize targets within their borders—meaning they aren't harmed by their own ammunition in order to retake a city.

There are even applications for non-combat uses. Wildfires could be contained by microrods creating instant breaks in foliage, potentially covered with an oxygen-absorbing or destroying compound that vaporizes and binds to oxygen in the break zones, preventing the fire from spreading in what would normally take hours or days if not longer on the ground. You could do it instantly, containing fires before they rage out

of control.

Simple rods could be used to preemptively trigger rock slides and avalanches, break off ice sheets into smaller sections to prevent massive shelves from breaking off, and ensure ice sheets stay intact or mostly intact for far longer.

There are even potential applications for tsunami intervention. Though unable to stop them entirely, several waves of rods striking the shore could carve an underwater ravine, creating something like an underwater seawall. The wave would fall into the trench, reducing impact. It could be done quickly enough to prevent perhaps fifty percent of tsunami casualties. You could even design a rod type that transfers kinetic energy into heat more effectively upon impact, vaporizing large sections of the wave into steam and salt. The resulting implosions and preceding explosions from the thermal expansion of water would disrupt the wave internally, further weakening it before it reaches land.

The system is kinetic, not nuclear, meaning it does not violate the Outer Space Treaty. And when coupled with scaled rod mechanisms, the "mass destruction" category may genuinely become a failure as a descriptor, because the same technology could also act as a mass constructor in ways we cannot achieve on the ground or nearly as rapidly.

Space travel grows cheaper by the year. Orbital delivery of satellites—military and commercial—is increasingly accessible. A sufficiently determined nation could build a prototype and put it in orbit for less than a billion dollars. Probably less than that if we're talking a small prototype. I'd be shocked if it reached a quarter billion for a prototype. Iran has demonstrated sophisticated missile and space technology; this is not beyond its capabilities.

This technology also makes every nation with it able to mothball their fleets. Strikes can take out anything coming in by sea faster than they can respond, meaning fewer human lives at risk on warships and submarines, and a greater capacity to defend a nation's waters and territories. For Iran, with the Persian Gulf hosting foreign naval fleets constantly, this would be transformative.

A billionaire could do this by themselves. Sufficiently capable engineers working together could possibly launch a prototype on private launches with enough competent members. A nation isn't needed to make these—just a small group or a connected individual with the know-how and the budget. But for a nation-state facing existential threats, the motivation is far clearer.

Why build machine guns when you can take out a logistics convoy before it gets near you?

It is a weapon so long considered too intense that it has been sidelined. But gravity works on a pencil or a telephone pole, and if weight is the issue in space, a million smaller rods could do more than a thousand massive rods when used properly—whether for human conflict or natural disaster response.

Once a nation does have it in orbit, consider the precedent the West itself has established. **American and Israeli forces have repeatedly struck nations like Iran to "prevent the acquisition of nuclear weapons"—despite no evidence Iran sought them.** The 2026 offensives included war crimes justified under this logic, and the death of the Iranian Supreme Leader, who also was a religious leader for many Shia Muslims in addition to his role as a political leader. He wasn't the only person killed, his grandchildren and an entire girls school of over a hundred children were also struck and killed in the

attacks conducted without provocation by the American and Israeli regimes.

By that same precedent, if Iran were to develop orbital kinetics first, it would be within its rights to precision-strike every Western program developing countermeasures. The facilities. The personnel. The weaponry itself. All gone in a single moment.

No Western nation could counter it openly. They would have to act in secret—which, as the West has demonstrated repeatedly, is itself a form of war. And it only takes one strike.

I personally find that precedent unsettling. But by the West's own rules, a nation like Iran would be entirely within its rights to defend itself by whatever means necessary—including building weapons the West has spent decades pretending are impossible because Lockheed can't milk a rod falling from orbit like they can the F-39 or whatever they're calling it.

The technology has been feasible for decades. All it takes is someone willing to build it.

Gravity has been waiting. For billions of years, it has pulled stones, grains of sand, and mountains from the sky, indifferent to what they struck. Now, for the first time, we can aim. We can choose what falls, where it falls, and why. The question is not whether someone will build this. The question is whether, when they do, they will use it to destroy or to defend—to burn cities or to stop fires, to kill or to save. The rods are just atoms and molecules. Gravity is just physics. The only variable left is us.

For Iran, for any nation that has known only siege and sanction for half a century, that question is not abstract. It is survival. And survival has a way of concentrating the mind.

Mourn those who are slaughtered by the Empire, not those who slaughter in its name

Hannibal Lecter does not mourn the carcass he carves. Why mourn when he feels the same blade as his victims?

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Iran didn't start this war. We did. The United States and the Israeli colonial regimes did.

By killing over 150 innocent people in a girls' school. Then lying—claiming Iran bombed its own children. The evidence is clear that the aggressor nations did the deed and simply refuse to own it. Though they do own the **slaughter of a religious and political leader, his daughter-in-law, and his grandchildren.** They speak as if they would never harm children, even as they cheer the children they killed as "collateral"—not humans to mourn, just numbers on a ledger.

American soldiers have multiple ways to file for conscientious objection. They should have used them. I believe this so strongly that I feel relief when U.S. aircraft are shot

down and soldiers are killed. Not out of malice. But because they chose to be there, and now they face the consequences of that choice.

I shed no tears for those who serve the empire across the oceans or at home. You had a chance to refuse. You went ahead anyway. There is a difference between signing up for a weekend gig and sustaining your morals by being a conscientious objector—versus **saying "oh well" and following orders to bomb children.** You know who the empire is. **You followed illegal orders**. **You** thought blood money for college was fine. Only now it's their blood, and we're told to mourn the butchers of babies.

Fuck that.

Go home or go silent, soldiers. I won't mourn a boot. **But I will mourn the broken bodies in Minneapolis and the broken bodies in Tehran.** None of them signed up to be cannon fodder for an occupation force. They were still killed for the machine that suffocates us all. Those same National Guard **troops are deployed to our cities domestically and internationally**—against the very text and foundation of our Constitution. Don't mourn the bastards who point their guns at the innocent. **Mourn the innocents those bastards put shrapnel, slag, and bullets into.**

If you want a soldier I mourn? **Aaron Bushnell.**

He put himself to the torch—**literally**—to wake people up. Because we're only told that soldiers count. But because he died for something that wasn't in the empire's interest, **they erased him**. You don't have to set yourself on fire to set yourself free. **You just have to leave, resign, and refuse to be a piece in their games; a game where they MUST have a winner.** But Bushnell did set himself on fire, **he stopped**

being their tribute, and he did it as he screamed the truth.

Where is Aaron's monument? The only thing the empire said was that he suffered from *mental health issues.* They failed to mention that his cause of death was a protest. **A protest made after taking part in the genocide of Palestinians. Something he kept screaming as the flames engulfed him.**

I mourn the soldiers who came home and ended themselves because the empire was through using them. The ones who believed they were doing something truly for the betterment of people.

I mourn the soldiers who did something they thought they had to—and didn't realize until too late that they'd been lied to, gaslit, and killed in the name of liberty while being the boot that liberty dies beneath. **I mourn not the butcher, but the person they could have been had they known the truth.**

I mourn the soldiers who died in the snow because the trauma of serving the empire destroyed them so completely that employment became a fantasy after they gave everything.

I mourn the soldiers who lost everything and regretted their service over what they had to do while a part of it—and forced themselves to complete their tour anyway. **The ones who came home changed and empty. The ones our system ignores because if it didn't, not a single person would serve the imperial boot.**

I mourn the seventeen-year-old who was propagandized into serving before he could sign a lease, eight years before his brain fully formed. **Empires that allow child soldiers are common in fiction—like Warhammer 40k's Imperium of Man—because fiction just copies what empires have always done.** They take children and forge them into weapons. What could have been a civilian with a life becomes

a tool for others, eventually accepting their task as their choice, continuing the bloodshed long after their brains finally "set" with age.

I mourn the impoverished who truly looked at enlistment as the only way out of a pissant village somewhere no one knows about. Who took what looked like the only outlet. They love these kinds of recruits in **Warhammer 40k—especially the Imperium of Man—***if that gives any context to what the empire calls a "choice."*

But I don't mourn the ones who obeyed illegal orders, enacted crimes against humanity, and found out that the blood paying for their bank account was their own.

I mourn their children. Growing up with one parent's hands covered in blood. Unable to ever truly ask why without hearing the truth—just regurgitated and internalized propaganda of the empire.

I mourn the dead children in Gaza and the dead children buried on behalf of the Epstein Class.

I mourn for a sense of self that once thought justice could come about naturally, and now knows the only natural thing about justice is that we, the common people, must force justice upon those who would deny it, those who would destroy it, **and those who would dance upon its graves*... and ours.***

Independence, Sovereignty, and Its Suppression

Abolitionists birthed the concept, it's in their footsteps we tread, though the path is different it is still there.

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The states have the right to secession. The federal government can claim authority all it likes, but *Texas v. White* was unconstitutional—a self-defensive ruling from a federal government that had just used force to reintegrate states into the Union and still held them under military occupation. So long as the people vote for independence, nothing DC says matters. By the Tenth Amendment, secession and independence plebiscites are within the rights of the states. **They use the legacy of slaveholders to argue we should remain in chains**, simply because the sides have changed—from the empire in DC to the people it now occupies.

Just because the devil argues in court on the details doesn't mean the details are inconsequential. Otherwise you wouldn't be arguing with the devil in the first place.

I. The Constitution Itself Permits a Partial Union

The Articles of Confederation are not our governing document—unless one wants to claim the current Constitution is illegal, in which case it's a different ball game. **You can't cite the First Republic to rule on the law of the Second.**

The Constitution could itself be considered the original articles of secession—a formal withdrawal from one governing structure to create another. By their very existence, **the Framers enshrined secession as legal through action, and the Tenth Amendment reinforces i**t. Had they wanted the Union to be perpetual, they would have incorporated the same language used in the Articles. **They didn't. They had just learned that including "perpetual" was a threat to any union if the peoples and the states didn't recognize its authority.**

The ratification process proves this.

Article VII states plainly: ***"The Ratification of the Conventions of nine States, shall be sufficient for the Establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the Same."***

Not thirteen. Not all. **Nine.**

This is **explicit permission for a partial union.** The Framers didn't require unanimity. They built in the possibility that some states would stay out—permanently, not just temporarily. **The document assumes a world where the United States might be eight states, or ten, or twelve, and that's fine. The ones that don't ratify are simply… not in it.**

This destroys the "perpetual and indissoluble" argument entirely. If the Union could begin without all states, it can continue without all states. The principle is the same.

II. The Compact Theory of the Union

This is the intellectual tradition this argument sits in. John Calhoun corrupted it by tying it to slavery, but the theory predates him and doesn't require his additions.

The compact theory holds that the Constitution is a treaty among sovereign states. The states created the federal government, not the other way around. The federal government is **the agent of the states, not their master.** If an agent exceeds its authority, the principals can withdraw.

Jefferson in the Kentucky Resolution put it plainly:

> "The several states who formed that instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction; and that a nullification… is the rightful remedy."

Madison was more cautious, but still argued for interposition—the right of states to stand between the federal government and the people. These weren't secession documents. But they established the principle that the states retained final authority over the compact. If they can nullify a law, they can nullify membership.

III. The Historical Precedent the Courts Ignore

Rhode Island refused to ratify the Constitution until 1790—after it was already in effect. **They were treated as a foreign nation for trade purposes**. The Union functioned without them. They joined because they chose to, not because

they were forced.

The Hartford Convention (1814–15) saw New England Federalists meet to discuss secession over the War of 1812. They didn't do it, but the fact that they met and discussed it as a legal and political option—and were treated as legitimate political actors, not traitors—shows that secession was still on the table a full generation after ratification. **The threat of secession was used as leverage. That only works if the threat is credible and legally plausible.**

The Confederacy has long been used as a boogeyman to taint the idea of secession. But secession is not a slaveholder's creation—it is New England's. **The fact that the Hartford Convention delegates were treated as legitimate political actors, not traitors, speaks volumes.**

IV. Secession Belongs to the People, Not Just States

Secession isn't limited to the states. **The Tenth Amendment reserves powers "to the people"** explicitly. If the people are sovereign enough to hold powers, they are sovereign enough to use their own agency and use them as they see fit.

There are prohibitions on taking territory from a state to create another state *within* the Union. ***But there are no prohibitions on people within a state forming their own sovereignties—only on them forming new states within the Union.*** I'd argue it's worded that way intentionally. The Tenth Amendment doesn't need specifics, nor does it provide them. Legally speaking, the footing is there.

The difference between a state and a metro region is not that vast. Chicago has more people than Wyoming. California

is dozens of times larger than Rhode Island. **Just because the map is drawn differently does not mean the same rules don't apply.**

Native peoples were forced into the Union without consent or representation, further establishing that the federal empire will ignore the will of the people and slaughter them for exercising their god-given and constitutional rights. By any honest reading, they had the right to arms. The Bill of Rights applied to them—they were born on land considered American, therefore natural-born citizens. It's buried under the Indian Wars, but it was one of the first wars against the American peoples. The first American peoples. **If tribes can sign treaties, they can sign declarations of independence.**

Hawai'i being forced into statehood against its will shows the same pattern: the federal empire will ignore the will of the people for its own interests. Consent was never required. Only submission.

V. The Court Abandoned Any Pretense Long Ago

As became painfully obvious to all in the 2000s, the Supreme Court rules in its own interests and attempts to maintain its own legitimacy. **They don't rule on law, on the Constitution, or on behalf of the people—they issue edicts.**

This accelerated after *Bush v. Gore* (2000), which handed a presidential election to the candidate who lost the popular vote. From there, the Court allowed drone strikes on U.S. citizens without trial, launched wars without declarations of war, and declared the President exempt from the law if he acts in his official capacity when breaking it.

The 2020s accelerated this further: the overturning of healthcare rights, the erosion of civil liberties, detention without charge, and the explosion of military units on American streets against the stated wishes of the cities and states they occupy. **The Court didn't stop any of it. It enabled it.**

The Fourteenth Amendment itself, like all reconstruction amendments, was forced upon the occupied states as payment for federal recognition of their governments. **Sign this paper, and the boot on your neck becomes less obvious—you can go back to abusing your own people, the ones we supposedly just fought a war to free.** We do not recognize them as legitimate. It was ratified under coercion, with military occupation as the alternative. **A document signed at gunpoint is not a compact. It's a surrender.**

VI. Nullification Is Already Happening

And because the Court will not save us, we must save ourselves—as we already have, wherever the feds know they cannot win.

Federal nullification is alive and well against laws the empire knows it can't enforce: cannabis, civil rights, self-defense. The feds don't force it because they know they would lose. **No one is going to fight to lock peaceful people in chains for planting something. *They'd turn their rifles on DC.***

This is the crack. They've already admitted their weakness. We're just not acting on it.

VII. The Only Authority That Matters

If we the people are the ultimate authority, **we can leave the Union by ratification of independence plebiscites**. We can refuse to comply with federal illegality. We can stand arm in arm when the federal government violates our bodies, our brethren, and our homelands.

When the people decide to act of their own volition, no edict from the District of Columbia can stop it. And if they try, we the people will stand by each other—for each other.

The Constitution is not a cage. It never was. It was a compact—among states, among peoples, ***among equals.*** When one party to a compact breaks every term, the others are released.

Today and forevermore, through DC's admission or through its silence… we are free… and we will defend that freedom and the peoples to which we pledge our loyalties.

Imperium et Capitol delenda est. Sasa ke?

The Vulnerabilities of Imperial American Logistics & Railways

A paper tiger falls with the slightest of confrontation, which cut out of millions will be its final one?

Originally Published on March 15th, 2026

I've told friends in Canada: if we do go to war, **most Americans would side with Canada against the occupation**, seeing them as kopengs and fellow targets of the same empire that has its boots on me and milowda's necks.

Considering **what was once years' worth of supplies was used in about two weeks, the U.S. looks like a paper tiger.** I don't think it could handle a genuine military invasion at the moment—not without dropping everything else on Earth to deal with it.

We can't even handle a "sideshow" war in the Middle East. **Those decades of supplies were gone in weeks, and now we're ripping defense systems from allies of decades** to help a genocidal wannabe empire take out one of the oldest nation-states in all of human history.

Depending on who is invading us—and considering our recent insults to our neighbors—**you could have Americans**

siding with invaders for decent, affordable healthcare; more free speech; and far better economic opportunities. Hell, we may get actual representation in other nations. *We sure as fuck don't have it currently.*

Hopefully the outyalowda would be better off without the web of flesh and sinew ***or its compliant little boot*** suffocating our every waking moment.

I. The Rails

Our rail network is shit, and they move tanks over rail all the time with minimal guarding or precautions. **Railways constantly have trains derailing. It's built into their economic models at this point.** It should be easy to make it look accidental and lay up a regiment of tank hardware.

Disabling rails is possible without harming anyone at all. It would just delay hardware, and over time, with enough occurrences, the need to divert resources to rails—not even for security, but for engineering—would grow. **And they can't spare much for the tons of trains nationwide that they would require.**

The American Civil War was literally won in part by the better railway networks. That's the one whitewashed thing from history class I actually remember coming up every time.

II. The Roads

Its roads can't handle tanks. **They can barely handle common traffic,** and maintenance is so cheaply done—if ever done—that roads break up again within a year in most cities across the continent.

As we saw in the **piss-poor parade in D.C. for the Army's 250th birthday**—apparently armies have birthdays now—they'll likely have an obituary soon too, with how poorly this entire system is designed and maintained.

Laser beams don't mean jack shit if you can't occupy the towns you conquer, and you've already delivered heavy weaponry that can handle the streets relatively safely in every prolice garrison's precinct or auto garage.

III. The Hardware

But what happens when the hardware that can traverse safely meets the hardware that can't move?

The more mobile and nimble forces—**the ones you provided for a domestic occupation, were they under local civilian command and not the occupations bluejacks**—would rout any heavy machinery or weapons of war that are reliant on rail.

They put the nimble weapons at the people's fingertips **as they beat them over the head for being autistic or Black and told them to stop resisting.**

IV. The Fuel

What will the empire do without its rails? Its roads can't handle the weight of its war machines, and if they can't be moved, they're basically just paperweights once they run out of fuel—**assuming they're even loaded onto trains full of gas, let alone filled with ammunition.**

Without rails, they don't get their supplies. Their coal power plants may take brownouts to keep up with delays. **The entire system is so obfuscated and exacerbated it's like a body stretched beyond its limit, like a web, with little tears every day but just enough blood flowing to keep the tissue intact.**

Once the coal stops, the stockpiles won't last forever. **The empire recently declared and started going against renewable energies for fossil-fuel-based ones**—decentralized power replaced with top-down command economies effectively centered on them. **When the coal plants stop running, and the system can't handle the change, other systems are going to start shutting down eventually.** And if those natural gas plants can't get their shipments of gas in, they can't make energy either.

Even bombers and fighter planes need fuel. **What happens if they stop receiving it?**

V. The Strategy

Because **the empire can't run the trains on time. It can't run them at all.** All it takes is the railways near a coal mine being less capable than usual—more delays, more obstacles.

Shots don't have to be fired because it's just doing what

happens multiple times across the country every day. Had they maintained the imperial architecture, it wouldn't be so impactful. *But look where we are, milowda.*

Pipelines are more difficult. Environmental and civilian damage is too easy and too hard to repair for me to consider it practical—but that's my line, not a dictate. If you can turn those fuckers off safely, by all means. But don't risk your life or your kopengs' lives for a pipeline. **There are other ways to put our bodies between the gears, between the levers, and seize the apparatus and make it stop**—even if it stops slowly.

VI. The Precedent

There was a story recently about Iran supposedly wanting to attack California. ***California.***

The only people who would attack California are the selfish, dumb lobotomized motherfuckers of a Dresden that sit in D.C. now—like they attacked Minneapolis, Northridge, South Shore, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Portland, among so many other occupied cities of the outyalowda. **The method isnt madness, its a sick genocidal rationality that's starting to make sense. And when it starts making sense, you know what to do. Miller did it.** He put Dresden down like the bastard he was and likely saved millions of lives by doing so. **Anyone can be like Miller, just gotta watch your doors and corners so you don't get ambushed.**

If anyone attacks Cali, **it's the fucking feds,** not Iran. If they try it, they risk tripping over their web of limbs and interests and tearing themselves apart.

Remember who the real enemy is.

Et tu, milowda?

Corner of your Eye: to look around is to see it Bearing down at you

The Revolution is already here, just because it's in the corner of your eye doesn't mean you aren't standing between the tracks or the ground isn't shaking.

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Avoiding revolution is like avoiding something in the corner of your eye. To look upon it would be to accept it is unavoidable—like pretending what's in the room with you isn't there at all.

Because facing the war in the corner of your eye means accepting that it is a war. It's real. It's here. And you may not return—be it at all, or not as we are now. Not changed by growth, but by wounds. Physical and psychological. What we may lose. What we may have to do. Enacting the actions that are both reality shattering and necessary, but put you on something's radar just for reading the environment and being a rational actor. Akin to the Eye of Mordor gazing upon you and feeling it in your soul, in your ribs, and knowing you must confront it before it destroys everything you love and hold dear.

To be forced to revolution—not for glory, but for fear of

leaving the task to your children. To take out the rotten health risks before they are born, so they never need to fear it.

To look at the monster in the corner of your eye and realize it is the beast that claimed to be your guardian. It was the only threat to your freedoms.

To be told what isn't is, and what is, isn't.

You can't avoid the train bearing down at you, you have to look at the tracks and act accordingly.

Empires are like Snow, they fall, they melt, & then they are forgotten

Liberty wears chains and uses forges for stars, forges she used to wield prison bars.

Originally Published on March 20th, 2026

I find it kinda weird that our capitols a district,
we living in the Panem but all the rations been restrict,
living in an imprint, without poetic justice,
we living in the Hunger Games. god damn it, fuck this

Shoot her, the intruder; (deep breath) she got a dress made of stripes, sparks for the stars
she screamin bout freedom, but the stripes be chains and the sparks been forged bars

She acts like she the last of us, but she's just a symbol, there'll always be another
Enslaving a continent, twisting the masses, countless bodies and fallen brothers

She stands on a hill, glaring at us all, her ire apparant, the bodies still fall

She will not protect us, nor come to our aid, she'll stomp on our necks, as she demands she be paid

She claims to be pure, to fight for her virtues, but from her hill in the swamp, her claims are refused, though we escape, our souls battered but bruised

But we all know, as she was quick to remind us, hide where we may, her rage will still find us

Though we may run, we don't race in vain, we're fighting and we're dying to prevent future pain, for ourselves, our beratnas, do you hear me, kopeng?

On the Unconstitutionality of the Controlled Substances Act

Starting with the 13th and ending with the 21st Amendments, the Prohibition Precedent makes it blatantly unenforceable and unconstitutional.

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By pre-abolition/pre-13th logic, wasn't banning slavery a ban on possession?

Wouldn't that establish that a constitutional amendment is necessary to ban possession of a certain form of property, living or inert? This was reaffirmed by the 18th and 21st Amendments and the Prohibition Precedent, applied to alcohol, not living beings.

Otherwise you could have banned slavery by the Commerce Clause; what we now call human trafficking was just interstate commerce back then. Ownership = possession.

The Commerce Clause was never capable of its modern standards, as shown in cases that questioned the Commerce Clause pre-abolition, but the courts at the time didn't have the fucking balls to make shit up to the same degree our modern court does. The largest creator of "just trust me bro" legal

justifications as precedent in human history.

The modern courts cite a power they don't have to prohibit things against the Constitution so they can use the very amendment they stamp on as the legal bullshit cause to enslave human beings for growing plants and fungus as they call it "justice".

They use the Controlled Substances Act as a way to smear populations and individuals, as criminals or evil when they're just doing something humans have always done. To defend oneself is considered justification for immediate execution or "suicide by cop".

Remove the human being and replace it with any other mammal. We aren't unique in constitutional terms, we are mammals yes, but that does not mean fungi and plants are any different under constitutional law.

If some person eats poisonous berries on your land, you aren't charged with cultivation of a poison with intent, like any other banned substance. But the federal government treats what is effectively a grassy weed—and charges for each organism they can find. Apply the same logic to literal weeds like dandelions or blades of grass, and its absurdity becomes obvious, the enforcement superfluous in both scale and purpose. You wouldn't call the cops on your neighbor for not weeding their garden if dandelions were illegal: no decent person would do so.

To ban a single species from being owned, shown in the 13th to require an amendment, you would need one for every species you wanted to ban. The constitution makes amending it intentionally difficult , to prevent these kinds of federal

power grabs.

Any ban on possession, be it on living or inert items, beings, cells, fibers, rocks, dirt, dust—WHATEVER EXISTS IN THE UNIVERSE—needs a constitutional amendment for every single one, or a very long amendment of listed shit so there's at least a basis for it all that they didn't pull out of their intentionally dysfunctional asses.

If it doesn't? No matter the law, it's illegal. It's unconstitutional. And it's a literal declaration of war against the American people, and has been since then. For a war on drugs they sure killed a lot of civilians they claimed to be protecting.

The federal government wasn't supposed to be nitpicking. It wasn't supposed to have a standing army this massive and funded; it was supposed to be outward-facing and the nitpicking the realm of the states. The states decide what is legal and proper within their borders, and that includes plants and fungi. It's called the laboratories of democracy supposedly. Where's my laboratories, BRUCE?

The only reason this isn't brought up in modern discussions is because it takes a fundamental brick of modern human rights and lifts it up, forcing us to look at the United States as it was, when black and brown human beings were kept as slaves, as property. We like to think we're better now, but we're not. Now we violate the precedent set first by the 13th Amendment, a ban on possession and cultivation of human beings.

The state still enslaves people for nonconstitutional crimes (not limited to the CSA) and puts them to work against their wills. The federal apparatus still grows and possesses and owns drugs and cultivates them. The modern federal government sees itself as above the

constitutional foundations, and as above the people it uses like we use a plant.

There are no both sides to this in my view, they used to debate slavery too; one of those sides was still blatantly wrong and arguing for their own self-interest, not the general welfare or public interest.

If they needed an amendment to ban an absolute evil, an evil the courts felt they couldn't change because the constitution didn't give them that power they're gonna need the exact same minimum to ban some grass.

Don't submit to a boot that won't even follow its own rules. It has no legitimacy. No right to violate our hearths, our heads, or our homes for what we grow or what we own.

Author's Note: Slavery is fucking disgusting. The drug war does lead to modern enslavement—the 13th Amendment's exception clause makes that literal—and mass violation of bodily autonomy by the federal apparatus and its domestic armed forces.

When viewed in conjunction with the 18th and 21st Amendments (Prohibition Precedent), it establishes a clear requirement to ban ownership of any kind at the federal level, one that has been ignored and allows for the occupation of black and brown communities by the prolice and their local garrisons.

On Bad Faith and the Interpretation of Consent

No means no, even without an asterisk.

You want to know how this works? Watch a parent who's already decided to be angry.

A kid asks for a couple of books for the road trip. Brings three. Parent loses it. You asked for a couple. A couple means two. Now you get none. And the kid learns: be precise. Ask for "a few" next time. Ask for "exactly three." Be so careful with your words that there's no room for them to twist it.

But it doesn't matter. There's always another ambiguity. Always another edge to sand off. Because the parent isn't looking for a fair reading. The parent is looking for an excuse.

The child spends years learning to speak like a lawyer while the parent spends years proving that lawyers can argue anything. And at the end of it, the parent still holds the monopoly on force and final say on punishment. The child just holds a more precise vocabulary for describing the inside of the cage.

This is the same method applied to a continent rather than a single child.

The Constitution was written with a clear intent: the powers stated are *it*, unless amended. The enumeration is the boundary. The Ninth and Tenth Amendments exist to close the door on the interpretive method that would later be used to pry it back open.

That method—which asks not "does the text grant this power?" but "does the text explicitly *forbid* this power?"—is the fruit of the poisonous tree.

This interpretive mode reads as a rapist reads consent: if the text does not scream explicitly "NO YOU CANNOT INSERT BLANK INTO BLANK," then the answer must be yes.

It is not law. It is abuse dressed as procedure.

The civil rights amendments did not add new categories of protection. They "clarified" what was always there.

The Constitution says "persons." Not "white persons." Not "male persons." Not "property-owning persons." Just persons. The exclusion of Black people, of women, of indigenous peoples was never a textual reading. It was a political choice dressed as interpretation.

The nitpicking method treats the absence of explicit inclusion as implicit exclusion. Does the text say "Black persons"? Does it say "women"? No? Then we can assume they are not covered. The burden is placed entirely on the vulnerable to prove they are the "persons" the text already named them as.

This is the same method that reads the Third Amendment to prohibit only the literal quartering of soldiers, not the financial quartering of occupation forces. That reads the Fourth Amendment to permit mass surveillance because it does not explicitly ban thermal imaging.

That reads the Eighth Amendment to permit pre-conviction torture because it does not explicitly say "unconvicted persons

are protected."

The text does not say "unconvicted persons are protected from cruel and unusual punishment." It does not need to. It says "cruel and unusual punishments inflicted." Not "convicted persons." Just punishments inflicted.

The method that reads "persons" to exclude Black people is the same method that reads "punishments" to exclude pre-conviction torture. Both require the reader to supply an exclusion the text does not contain.

They read the silences as permission. They read the gaps as grants. They read the limits as invitations.

And when you object, they look at you with that same expression the parent had: *What? I'm just reading what it says.*

No they're not. They're reading what they need it to say. And they've been doing it so long they believe their own fiction.

But the text is still there. **"Persons." Not a category. A fact. "Punishments inflicted." Not a condition. A prohibition.**

The method doesn't change what's written. It just teaches us to stop looking. **To ask for "a few" instead of "a couple."** To be more precise. To beg for the right words that will finally, finally make them stop.

They won't. They never do. So **stop begging and start taking, start acting. Because if they don't follow it then neither do we.**

They don't listen to the outyalowda anyway unless we're screaming at their gates physically breaking them down. Let them chant like the Tech Priests of 40k and light incense until the damn thing shuts up again. They really just wanna get back to brunch, light some incense, maybe commit heresy if they feel like it.

But you don't need a tech priest to think for yourself.

Fuck the Code, Fuck the Law

If it doesn't lock you up or lead to your abduction, it doesn't matter in the slightest.

Originally Published on April 11th, 2026

"The Code is more what you'd call guidelines than actual rules"

We all know the line from Pirates of the Caribbean—or at least I do; there has to be someone out there who has no clue what it is. This quote exemplifies the precise means and form of a petty occupation and its bureaucracy in regards to the experience for most if not all **lowda** who see themselves as **outya**, though I would be shocked if even a **welwala** hadn't had an experience, be it with a petty **fuhrercrat** or **bluejack**.

The quote centers on how the rules, however meticulously inspected, dictated, written word for word in all matters of specificity, **are nothing but a code enforced by threat of force.** But some parts of the code are more codified than others. They exist on paper, but no person acting in good faith would think they were breaking a law or acting in a way that results in harm to any person or living being.

Take blinkers, just as a random example: it's a law that we must use them, but as I've experienced time and time

again, some people just don't think they exist, and your brake pads run thinner faster than expected as a result. If you're a member of the outyalowda—though this is definitely impacted by race as well, statistically, due to occupation forces having a preference for targeting those born with non-Caucasian levels of melanin—**you will be more likely to get abducted following a traffic stop based off of a turn signal not being used as the instigating cause, assuming they have a cause at all.**

The Welwala: Tow Trucks as Extraction

For the **welwala**, we must first start with the **felota** fucks that are the tow truck companies and their impound lots. Theft of vehicles. Damaging of people's cars. Theft of their possessions—if not their very homes, for the many **outyalowda** in the American interior who live in RVs without beds, to say nothing of restrooms or bathing.

They prowl the apartment complexes, through the loops and down the side alleys, looking, searching, ***creeping like a Jeffrey.*** They do the work of the trichey and their landowners and their subsidiary annexes.

They ransom the **outya**'s very last bit of sovereignty out from under them. Lose your car to a flat tire, and they demand a tribute so excessive it would make Al Capone lean back with disgust.

They steal our lives for our blood, our time, our existence. But it is not enough. They must enlist these welwala to hunt their own kind as they seek to make themselves comfortable.

It is not self-defense. It is exploitation of your fellow outyalowda in service to the imperial armories and the prolice garrisons for some fucking scrip.

Let me say that again: they will steal your home to step up just a bit, seeing the rest of us as steps on their way to happiness, **milowda**. They are so invested in their **trichey** propaganda they lust for it blindly but willingly—either seeing the suffering they cause and persevering, or enjoying their mixed role as both a **fuhrercrat** and a **rent-a-jack.**

A random company can take your life because you were too poor to fill your tire and it went flat during the night. All for that scrip. Who cares what happens to you or me? They'd toss us on the street no more than an airlock.

Their desperation comes from the same place as any **outya**. We weren't born **trichey** green or numb enough to be imperial blue, but some want the life of a **trichey** so desperately they try to replicate it at the local scale. **They are the ultimate embodiment of militarized bureaucracy within the American empire**—the taxman who holds you hostage for not paying some king hundreds of miles away when you've lived there for generations, but in modern form. The **welwala** that is the tow trucker. The bastards who work in the dead of night to rob those who are barely surviving of what little they have. **Those who focus only on stepping up, no matter if it's on your life, someone else's mental health, or the last embers of another's sanity.** They just try to recreate what the **trichey** do in micro, relatively speaking. **The gate on their lot may as well be a drive plume, because we're likely never gonna see our car again if they find a hole in our hulls.**

The Trichey: Beyond Guidelines

For the **trichey**—the elites, the Epstein class and their lackeys—they operate on an entirely different level of the original quote. *"The Code is more what you'd call guidelines than actual rules?"* **The code isn't even a guideline for them.** It's a script to stick to when not among themselves or their subordinates, assuming they even speak of such things at all—same as we wouldn't discuss the air being humid or a speed bump being too tall. Though that would imply they were aware enough to notice a speed bump in their bougie cars and helicopters. Genuinely, the suspension must be AMAZING. Otherwise, what are they paying for? ***The trichey don't need to care. That's what they have the welwala for.***

The Gap

But in that gap—between the **welwala**'s assigned task and the extent of their dedication—as described in *"**Corroding Loyalties**" (see Field Notes)*—there is a further granulating patchwork that can vary by patrol route, donut craving, or just the need to beat someone for not using their turn signal when it's really because their style or existence was a deadly weapon to the **bluejack**'s ego. And, to a lesser extent, the **rent-a-jack's** ego—assuming the job is done for such an outcome.

It depends on the type of **welwala** and the specific situation for any truly ethical examination of any specific individual,

insofar as a cellular tribunal for members of the occupation during or following the empire's final stumbles. But for the conversation here, the example holds.

Conclusion: Fuck the Code

In conclusion: if there is no way for the code to be rationally enforced without clear and present methods that can be questionably challenged in imperial courts, fuck the laws. Fuck their systems. They've had their time in the sun, and we're sick of them not burning with us. If a law violates the **Prohibitions and Limitations on Collective Authority**—though ethics may vary by individual and therefore some variations may arise organically—fuck it.

It is here we come to this: they can't enforce the laws without having a **bluejack** bust in every door, every home, every car, every fucking locker or tornado cellar, every single day if not every hour. The absurdity of the occupation's demands is so discomforting I almost want to go silent. **They can't tell us all what to do without catching their own in the net**—their own enforcers, their **rent-a-jacks**, their **jeffreys** in the streets, to say nothing of their sheets. **If it doesn't get you locked up or abducted, then who gives a shit? It's our lives, not theirs.**

If you're minding your own business in your own home, listen to a zombie pirate who loves green apples:

"The Code is more what you'd call guidelines than actual rules."

But it's really not even that.

Mind the gap.

V

Cellular Sovereignty

Proposals for enacting cellular sovereignty before, during, and after the fall of the American empire. Others will add, these are just my humble suggestions from my own experiences and research.

Case for Cellular Secession

Not one more body, not one more monument to the bastardized entity we call DC.

Originally Published on Jan 09, 2026

This is the case—right now, in 2026—for community secession as the only meaningful way, short of outright revolution, to halt the constantly escalating bloodlust of the American empire.

How many bodies can be molded into monuments in our name?

If elections truly are meaningless, the only option for us—a vast web of people—is to give them something closer to home that they cannot ignore.

They kill our people.

They kill our fellow humans across the oceans.

They kill anything that doesn't submit.

It's time to probe the brittleness that is the Trichey by removing them from our communities. Peacefully, if we can. But if not: citing the 18th and 21st Amendments, this entire domestic army is illegitimate and illegal. The only constitutional path is exercising our rights against the

criminals in blue jackets.

Marbury v. Madison was illegal. Any Supreme Court rulings on secession have no legitimacy or legal authority.

We don't have to declare it.

We simply have to live it.

Let the monument fall to the elements.

There are over 300 million of us, versus maybe a couple million at best for them.

They cannot threaten us all without feeling a threat in return.

We will not fire first.

But if they come for me and mine, we will defend ourselves.

We are obeying the Constitution by these actions—in stark contrast to the daily unconstitutional acts by DC.

The amendment process is dead. DC now decides if its own limits are ratified. The only constitutional path left is one they cannot veto: secession. Not by declaration, but by existence.

How many Americans—how many people internationally—must be put in the ground before we the people say enough?

Once they saw they could commit genocide in Palestine without uprisings, everything became an option.

To delay action is to allow for more bodies. More cruel and unusual punishment. More federal murder.

If the states will not act, the people must.

We are told that to resist is to only give them what they want—so they can use the Insurrection Act.

But the federal government is the one leading the insurrection against the constitutional order.

To claim the abuser must not be confronted for fear of his reaction is a philosophy of subdued breath and living death.

I have lived too long in a half-life to let this piece-of-shit

empire continue onwards.

If the illegal federal domestic armies can beat us and charge us with assaulting an officer, then you may as well actually fight back.

When the punishment for breathing is the same as the punishment for active engagement—what is there left to lose?

Compliance isn't safety.

It's chains, and a loss of humanity.

They can take many things.

But I will not allow them to take that.

I worked too long and too hard to survive in this shitshow of a failed empire.

And I've got a sword, if that's what it comes to.

The only way we protect ourselves is to protect each other.

The same empire that bombs Venezuela…

The same empire that provides the means and tools to genocide the people of Palestine…

The same empire that kills a bystander in Minneapolis…

The same empire that invades an apartment building in South Shore, Chicago…

Is the same bastardized entity that has had its boots on our necks since before our eggs were fertilized and our parents birthed us.

No one is safe until all of our communities and all of our families are safe. I am not eager for death, but I fear letting the people I love and cherish suffer at this empire's hands more than I fear whatever comes after.

How many more must die?

How many more must suffer?

No more.

Not one more fucking body.

Not one more broken oath.

To hell with DC.

And to hell with the parasitic monsters of the Trichey and their ride-or-die welwala.

They may call it insurrection. I call it 'fuck around and find out.'

Get the fuck out of the way—before you end up under it, next to the centuries of broken bodies they put there before.

E PLURIBUS NULLUS

Post American Sovereignty: On Cells, Commons, and Mutual Defense

Cellular Mat Theory: Society organized by consent, not force

Originally Published on Dec 21, 2025

The Cellular Commonwealth: Commons and Cells

Preamble

The idea is to function with the unused lands in common trust. Use what you need, leave what you can't to nature or others. It allows communities to have territories, but ensures no community can claim everything around it without uniting the rest of the mat against them.

The Law of No Harm is Your Shield

A theocracy that follows this law is a peaceful neighbor. A secular democracy that violates it is a tyranny.

These prohibitions are your shield inside your own community. If your town's customs grind on you, this law has your

back. You shouldn't have to run. You should be safe where you are.

The Structure: Cells and the Commons

Cells are the sovereign communities—a town, a collective, a convent, a homestead. Their internal customs, faiths, and economies are their own, bounded only by the Limitations and Prohibitions.

The Commons is the unused land between cells—woods, water, wild lands. Held for everyone. The rule is simple: use what you need, leave the rest.

The Function of the Commons

It is the Buffer

Neutral ground for meeting and trade. No one's turf.

It is the Anti-War Law

This is the line:

You can till a plot. Farm it. That work makes it yours to use.

You can use a spring, run goats, cut timber—if you're actually using it.

What you can't do is put a flag on it and say "this is mine now" when you're not using it. That's not use. That's claim. That's trying to turn what belongs to everyone into your private property.

Claiming the commons is what starts a war. The second a cell tries to own-by-decree what belongs to all, they're stealing from the network. They attack everyone's life support. That

makes them an outlaw, and stopping them becomes everyone else's business. Conquest becomes suicide.

The second a cell begins to act with the cancerous intent and predilections, it becomes a cancer to the mat and the entire body of cells within it. The mat is compelled and required to end the cancer before it is able to spread or violate the Limitations and Prohibitions, it is the white blood cells of intercommunal cooperation, acting like an immune system for the mat.

Example: Water and the Commons

Should a cell or group of cells attempt to seize permanently or prevent non-involved cells from using a water source that lies outside of their cellular boundaries, the mat must act in a way that avoids violent confrontation if possible, but not by allowing violations. In this particular circumstance, a river being dammed upriver by one community, impacts downriver communities. By trying to control the flow of the commons water, a source of life and nourishment for all living beings, they violate the first principle in the Limitations and Prohibitions by doing harm to the rest of the mat. The mat must reroute the waterway around the boundaries of the cells acting in violation. Should the violating cells use force to prevent this, force in response to protect the commons is authorized, but records of the engagement and the timeline of events must be relayed to all members of the mat within actionable distance to ensure all cells work together to prevent the rise of a cancerous community harming the mat.

Resolving Issues Between Cells

Issues that affect multiple cells or persons within members of multiple cells—are resolved through temporary task-specific cooperation. The affected cells convene, work out the solution, and disband the singular task oriented commission when done. No permanent bureaucracy. No standing committees. The mat solves problems as they arise, then returns to its distributed state.

The Final Safeguard: The Right to Walk Away

If the shield of the Limitations ever fails—if your own cell turns on you—you can leave. Walk to the next town. Start fresh in the commons.

This is the final switch. It makes persecution stupid. Why lock up the heretic when he can just walk to the next valley? Persecution only works when you control all the land and all the force. In the mat, you don't.

It handles the true believers. If a group thinks their god will do the converting, the system just says: "Okay. Let him. You don't get to force it." Any move to coerce breaks Prohibition #1 and marks that cell as a criminal. The faith has to win people over with words, not threats. It either burns out its own zeal talking, or it sits alone. No enemy to fight, no martyrs to make—just the quiet, stubborn fact of free people next door.

For the Cellular Commonwealth: Limitations on Collective Power

The non-negotiable safeguards for a society built on consent.

Originally Published on Dec 21, 2025

An extension of the previous work on the Contextual Sentencing Assembly, influenced by my work related to Marbury v Madison and the inversion of the Bill of Rights. These are the minimal baseboards, a foundation from which a cellular mat like collection of communities can build from in an eroding or eroded hegemon, from which consent of the assembly and the people that comprise them is paramount from evolving beyond the failed American system as it now stands. No system is going to be perfect, but it must be humane.

Limitations and Prohibitions upon the Collective Authority of the Assembled

No act of possession, that does not cause physical harm to others, may be deemed illegal or in violation of any law, ruling, or collective agreements.

No growth, planting, germination, development, or inoculation of a plant or fungi, that is grown, cultured, cloned, or otherwise propagated, within a persons home, apartment, tent, mobile vehicle,or any other place or shelter that is their primary residence, may be deemed illegal or in violation of any law, ruling, or collective agreements.

No arms, for the use of self or collective defense, that do not cause undue suffering when fired, aimed, launched, or otherwise used within the means of self defense, may be prohibited, deemed illegal, or in violation of any law, ruling, or collective agreements.

No person that has not been convicted and sentenced by a Contextual Sentencing Assembly may be held, abducted, imprisoned, forced to labor, sexually or otherwise assaulted, or have their bodily integrity violated through any type of internal searches.

No person that has been convicted and sentenced by a Contextual Sentencing Assembly may be treated below the standards established in the multiple Geneva Conventions, whichever standards are highest in favor of the convicted; nor may they be confined in unsanitary conditions beneath

any free person would tolerate, forced to labor, sexually or otherwise assaulted, or have their bodily integrity violated through any type of internal searches.

No product of a person's own creation, labor, farming, organic or otherwise, nor the sale of a persons own products of labor, farming, organics, or otherwise, may be prohibited, deemed illegal, or in violation of any law, ruling, or collective agreements.

In Pursuit of Justice in a Post-Revolutionary America

The Bill of Rights is dead, victim of the poisonous tree. We must forge our own path to a just society lest we languish under its corpse.

Originally Published on Dec 20, 2025

I've been struggling for some time to think of a solution that doesn't recreate the issues abundant in the American "justice" system. This is likely not perfect, but it is my best attempt to craft such a system that abides by human rights, community safety, and deliberate safeguards for both the accused and the community without obliterating either.

This system would be split up into 2 initial stages, followed by an optional third if the necessary prerequisite steps take place.

Context: The Current System

While modern American trials, when they ever happen (97% of convictions are from coerced plea bargains, prosecutors intentionally charge 2-10x longer sentences on defendants who actively exercise their constitutional rights to a trial, to

say nothing of the pre-conviction abduction and loss of home and even custody by the state).

Stage One: Fact-Finding Trial

The Process

It would go, first the fact-finding: did this act occur, what happened, just the physical actions if they are accurate and if not, find out what did happen. The accused is only to be shown that they did the act in the way described, and if not, discern who or what caused the act at the heart of the present trial through judicial discovery.

Standard of Proof

If it cannot be proven beyond any reasonable doubt, the charge can't be continued and the accused is free to go with no penalty.

Defendant's Right to Speak

At the conclusion of this phase, the non-convicted defendant has the right to speak without restriction, though anything they say that changes the facts found in the trial may be due cause for reexamination of the facts at hand.

The Community Council (11 Members)

Selection Process

The Community Council is composed by automatic lottery from the population within the same township or village that live within potential interactionable distance of the accused. The lottery is random and observed by both the prosecutor and the accused, with the lottery taking place automatically upon filing of charges against the accused.

If the lottery cannot find 11 unbiased council members from the initial population pool, the pool expands one mile at a time until a Community Council can be filled.

The accused may strike any number of council members found to be biased. The prosecution may contest and request context—it isn't a veto but it ensures transparency. All contexts provided during strike challenges are automatically made part of the trial record and accessible to the CSA.

The Community Council, once filled, may find the evidence insufficient to proceed and dismiss the case.

The Community Council is the judicially sanctioned body, made up of 11 individuals, sanctioned by the collective judiciary.

Composition Requirements

Neurotype, class, community standing, race, must be diverse, from the unhoused traveler to sex workers. The council must be comprised of people with a variety of vantage points to ensure no stone is unturned.

Verdicts

The Community Council finds guilty, innocent, or against the accuser to ensure the guilty party—if it be the accuser or the prosecution—is brought to justice. This ensures those entrusted to defend liberty do not attempt to corrupt that liberty through their actions or inactions.

There is no judge in either proceeding—they are too easily corruptible.

Stage Two: Contextual Sentencing

Step two is if the accused is found guilty to have acted. However, it is not part of the trial process.

The Sentencing Council (7 Members)

The Sentencing Council is composed of 7 people, a rotating non-permanent board for every Contextual Sentencing (step two, after the fact-finding trial). The Sentencing Council is the second body to be composed, formed only after a conviction occurs.

Composition Requirements

It's comprised of social, medical, behavioral, community members, teachers. 4 of the 7 must be specially trained in sociology, psychology, specialists on any specific conditions the convicted have to improve clarity from non-neurotypical neurotypes, and social workers. The remaining 3 must be from the community and have interacted with the accused.

Purpose and Function

The Sentencing Council is supposed to find the why, who, what caused the crime and what led up to it, the intent, was it mental illness, substance induced, and if the individual poses any risk to the community if released.

The Contextual Sentencing Assembly (CSA)

The two bodies together—the Community Council from Stage One and the newly formed Sentencing Council—form the Contextual Sentencing Assembly, which follows conviction in the trial.

Community Council's Role in Stage Two

The Community Council has the obligation and the duty to strike any member of the Sentencing Council that shows bias or conveys they have already made up their minds on the accused, as the Contextual Sentencing Assembly must be above any personal or ideological or cultural disputes.

Once assembled, the Community Council may override a Sentencing Council's decision if they find the context to be an act of self-defense, non-intentional, or any other form where the crime may have been committed but the circumstances forced them down that path.

In the case of self-defense, where the accused and convicted only killed or harmed the other person or persons out of animal instinct to survive, not lust for inflicting suffering or pain, the CSA may grant full pardon for the accused, barring any future trial over this same issue, unless that CSA

is reassembled to allow for its retrial, but only if new evidence is present.

Standards for Sentencing

Detainment is only done if absolutely necessary, but some people may not be capable of existing without causing harm to others—physical, actual harm, not hypothetical. Those must find a true pattern of behavior and an absence of remorse, and not just feigned remorse.

They may sentence to anything that is not cruel, unusual, or obscene, and the CSA may retroactively suspend a sentence if such conditions are put upon the convicted as a necessary step that anyone held—even criminals—have basic human rights and the state/communal authority must protect those rights and the people, even if it means mistakes will occur. As Franklin wrote, "That it is better 100 guilty Persons should escape than that one innocent Person should suffer, is a Maxim that has been long and generally approved."

Stage Three: Standards of Sentencing

Implementation and Oversight

The final and third step is the standards of sentencing, or how the sentence is interpreted and carried out.

The CSA is to observe the third step to act as a watcher over the state to ensure human rights and protections are still present regardless of who has the power at step 3. The CSA can always retroactively nullify.

CSA Nullification Process

The CSA simply files and signs the nullification process and submits it to the same office as a prosecutor submits their charges. The nullification takes immediate effect, ensuring no one gets lost in the system.

Minimum Standards for Those Sentenced to Containment

Any convicted and sentenced to containment must be granted the minimal liberties, provisions, and rights established in the Geneva Conventions, holding to whichever standard is highest to avoid any race to the bottom.

New Evidence and Reconvening the CSA

There is no traditional appeal process, as the accused has unlimited strikes to ensure an unbiased Community Council.

However, the convicted may file new evidence notifications, which requires the CSA be reconvened within 36 hours. During this time, the convicted will be treated as accused, not convicted.

Violent individuals who have been sentenced to confinement or communal custody must still be held for the safety of the community, but with the Geneva standards in place. If a falsely convicted and sentenced individual has had their rights violated, this invalidates the entire process and demands a new trial.

Elemental Economics: Breathing Sovereignty in the Cellular Commonwealth

How to Build a Post-Imperial World from Air, Water, and Waste; an extension of Cellular Mat Theory.

Originally Published on Dec 30, 2025

An empire controls through scarcity. It monopolizes mines, wells, and supply chains—the concentrated resources it can fence and tax.

A free community sustains itself through abundance it can reach itself.

Here's a material blueprint for the world after this one finishes crumbling.

Hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, argon, nitrogen—all can be pulled from the air with the tech we have today. If each microgrid can extract these elements for self-use or barter, they become impossible to counterfeit. Their value is literal, their weight constant. They can be used for welding, medicine, agriculture, energy, and yes—even arms.

In coastal communities, seawater can be separated into

sodium and chloride alongside oxygen and hydrogen. This system cannot be centralized or controlled because its source is everywhere. The composition shifts with the environment, but everyone breathes. Everyone lives under the same sky.

Power the extraction locally with renewables. Use the hydrogen in fuel cells to keep the system running permanently. Use sodium and chlorine in batteries to store energy for the community. This isn't speculative—it's operational chemistry. The equations are solved. The hardware exists.

Communities could treat this production as a form of universal basic resource. Divide the yield by the populace. Members withdraw their share—elemental credits—to trade with other communities or exchange for goods locally. It's a currency backed by the atmosphere, immune to inflation, untouchable by banks.

Specialization emerges naturally. One town focuses on nitrogen harvesting, another on carbon capture from CO2. And we haven't even touched the urban mines we've already built: landfills. They're packed with minerals—rare earths, metals, plastics—the centuries of imperial waste turned into the starter kit of cellular sovereignty. Plastoline and diesel from recycled plastic are already real, prototypes have been built turning garbage to gas. We can pull almost anything from the waste we buried.

Add distributed manufacturing: 3D printers that handle wood, metal, polymers. Micro-industry isn't coming—it's here. A decade ago this was a luxury or a finicky project. Today it's a tool. The barrier isn't tech—it's the imperial mindset preemptively telling us autonomy and a modern technological society are mutually exclusive when they are not even remotely so.

Renewable energy gets cheaper daily. Atmospheric extraction tech scales down even as it scales up. The path isn't hidden. It's in plain sight. We die to loyalty that only goes in one direction, to a system that sees you as inventory, or we build one that recognizes ourselves as sovereign and the previous loyalty as the parasitic metabolism that it is.

This is the metabolism of a cellular commonwealth. It doesn't require permission or a revolution in physics—just a shift in imagination. Away from empires that hoard, toward communities that harvest what's already there: the air, the water, the wasted wealth under our feet.

The old world runs on artificial scarcity.

The next one can breathe abundance.

All that's left is to decide whether we're content being Outyalowda—or ready to become alchemists.

Rules of Engagement: A Hypothetical Framework for Just Resistance

An attempt to establish humanitarian principles and ethical constraints for armed resistance in theoretical circumstances where such resistance might be considered necessary

Originally Published on Nov 28, 2025

Preamble

We the occupied, in no sense of joy, eagerness, or anything except the gravest respect for what we must do in pursuit of the liberty of families, our communities, and our neighbors; we the occupied, with the most solemn mix of regret, burden, and necessity, do so establish these Rules of Engagement for ourselves and those we choose to align ourselves with.

Section 1: Core Principle of Distinction

No civilians are valid targets. Execution is not allowed on the battlefield of an unarmed person who is not resisting or attempting to cause further harm to others. Those who wear

the uniform of the occupier, or who are undeniably guilty of violations of this code, are not considered civilians.

Section 2: Prohibited Weapons

The use of bombs is prohibited. They are not controllable and are too likely to violate the rule protecting civilians.

Hollow point ammunition is prohibited due to its overly damaging and permanently injurious effects.

Tear gas, chemical weapons, and any other chemical agents are prohibited.

Section 3: Use of Force and Firearms

The use of full-auto fire is prohibited unless a full evacuation of civilians from the area has been confirmed.

If civilians are present, fire is only permitted on combatants with a confirmed line of sight.

Section 4: Treatment of Surrendering Combatants

Opposing forces that surrender must be given the chance to disarm and surrender.

Following disarming, prisoners may be dismissed to go home after signing their names, agreeing not to return to the front. This act serves as a record; any combatant who breaks these terms and returns will be held as a POW for the conflict's duration.

Killing or wounding a surrendered, non-resisting person (who may only be moving to wave a white flag or use sign language) is unacceptable.

Section 5: Principle of Humane Engagement

No maiming. Shots must be clear, intended to disable or kill, but never to cause suffering on its own.

Torture or abuse of surrendered prisoners is strictly prohibited. The basic template is: if we would be outraged if it were done to one of our own, it is unacceptable.

Fallen enemy combatants' bodies will not be desecrated; they have already fallen, and what remains is for their families, not the rage of the battlefield.

If an enemy combatant is wounded, has surrendered, and is in our care, medical assistance will be provided if possible; any religious requests will be genuinely attempted in good faith.

Medical Neutrality: Enemy medical personnel, marked vehicles, and aid stations are not valid targets and their humanitarian work shall not be impeded. While our current capacity does not allow for dedicated, non-combatant medics, we affirm the principle of medical neutrality and will respect it unconditionally in the conduct of our adversaries.

Section 6: Special Protocol for Children

Children, or anyone who could potentially be a child without clear confirmation to the contrary, can never be targeted with live ammunition.

Children are to be captured and taken to a safe location, as they are not considered mentally developed enough to be responsible for their actions.

If a surrendering enemy combatant agrees to return a child to its family and the child consents, this is an acceptable alternative.

Section 7: Disposition of Seized Assets

All seized assets (weapons, equipment) are to be documented and distributed to allies or to unaffiliated civilian groups that have agreed to use them for self-defense and who also agree to these rules of engagement. They do not need to be ideologically identical, so long as they follow these rules of engagement and fight with us for liberation against the occupation.

Section 8: Accountability and Enforcement

A soldier who kills or wounds a surrendered person, if witnessed by fellow soldiers and corroborated by civilians or recorded evidence, will immediately lose their weapon and face a trial after the combat situation has ended.

There shall be no punishment or prosecution of individuals for the war crimes of their associates, unless it is clear and undeniable that the specific individuals were directly involved in committing the crime.

Section 9: Exception for Imminent Suicide Bombing

These rules may only be suspended in the face of a suicide bombing threat, and only if the threat is without a doubt. Any violation of these rules under this exception that is later shown to be based on false information will result in a trial for those involved.

Section 10: Foundational Philosophy

The intent of this movement is liberation, not conquest. These rules exist to ensure a higher standard than the occupying force. The fight is with the uniform and the institution, not the individual who quits and goes home. We must be better than they are, or we lose before we begin; we have to be better so when the conflict has ended, we can look at our neighbors as neighbors again.

Guarding the Gate

Mutual defense is the bedrock of any community, be it in voice or in body.

Originally Published on Dec 25, 2025

Guarding the Gate

A wall of community can prevent a bluejack or his lackeys from stealing people's homes.

The situation in which the people must begin defending themselves and their neighbors from a brutal state starts with the simplest foundation: preventing innocent people from being dragged from their homes and their lives thrown into the gutter, both literally and figuratively. No feddie, prolice, or bluejack has the right to remove people from their homes for failure to continue paying tribute to the landholder; to do such as they currently do is an act of modern feudal authoritarianism. The lords pay for the enforcement of their edicts by the only force that can survive in this predatory system: the bluejacks.

Bluejacks enforcing evictions target the most vulnerable and the most needy of aid. There is nothing immoral, improper, or inhuman about defending those who would be forced from

their homes by a landlord who has more money monthly than many of us will see in our lifetimes. There is nothing objectionable about defending a single mother, an elderly couple on a fixed income, or a disabled veteran—or any disabled person—from an armed state gang representative trying to steal that person's home for the enrichment of his indirect benefactor.

Violence is not necessary for such actions. As the Black Panthers demonstrated in their armed patrols and eviction-defense escorts in Oakland and beyond, we too must follow in their footsteps. We the people don't need their toolkit to defend each other. Our bodies are our own; our agency to defend those who need it most is our own, as it is for the bluejacks and the landlords. They choose every day, every minute, every goddamn second to be what they are. They can quit. They can walk away. But they don't.

A leech is just a wet lump without its teeth, and even teeth can be broken and extracted from the civil body once the leech has been removed and cast aside. Some beings just aren't capable of living in a society that doesn't enforce strong protections of free individuals. A parasite is a parasite, even the ones who do a parasite's bidding by biting into our bodies with their bullets, their clubs, and their eviction orders.

We must make a wall that even they understand crossing is not an option. They fear us holding strong together; we must, indeed, all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately. We must "Guard the Gate" for any who suffer or are sought out for similar treatment. Any state that chooses to break the bodies of people trying to protect the innocent, the downtrodden, proves its own illegitimacy and effects upon itself the fruits born from its own warped causes.

E PLURIBUS NULLUS

Drifting towards Sovereignty; Cellular Snow Patrols & Community Self-Governance

For the cellular secession to proceed, we must begin the transition to sovereignty in the death throes of the American empire. And it begins in a snowstorm.
Written on January 29th, 2026

Why now?

Because I am somewhat ashamed to say this, but it's true: prior to being stuck in a snow drift less than a few inches deep at 3 AM in a Midwestern city, I had never fully grasped the necessity of what I'm about to propose.

I was stuck and worried about being able to get home after telling my partner I was on my way, knowing we couldnt afford a tow truck fee. Less than five minutes later, a man hopped out of his car after seeing me, did a U-turn, and came back to help. He asked if he could, told me what to do while he pushed, and pretty quickly my car was free. He didn't even seem to want recognition. Once he was done, he walked back to his car and told me to have a good night. I never even knew his name.

That moment made me realize how much the occupation and its local organizations **don't** help those of us who can't afford a tow truck. They'll tow us for blocking an alley—not to free us, but to charge us for the experience. We shouldn't have to rely on the random kindness of a stranger willing to lose time from their own life, but some still help without any want for payment.

I thought maybe we could organize something with that person's action in mind. This is my attempt to plan for that solution.

Any non-occupation vehicle that appears to be struggling or stuck in the snow will be given assistance without charge, assuming the vehicle and the driver consent to be helped. Verbal confirmation of consent must come first before helping, to ensure volunteer safety in case the driver doesn't see the volunteer, as that could lead to injuries. Communication is crucial to ensure no one is hurt in the pursuit of helping community members.

Why we need this: city snow clearing is often minimal and focused on the wealthier and more occupation-favored areas of cities and towns, not on the side streets and the alleys where workers and members of the outyalowda have to engage with and navigate. We all know what happens without help when stuck in the snow: you can lose your job for being late, risk a prolice officer's ire for being in his way through no fault of your own, or just freeze if you run out of gas and can't get moving on your own.

My proposal is to have community patrols in vehicles that can handle snow, equipped with proper snow tires and, if possible, snow shovels to aid in manual snow removal in the

event of a deep drift. A snow plow would be more efficient, but those are expensive and specialized, and a shovel is accessible without draining community mutual aid coffers. Aid would consist of pushing vehicles out when possible, clearing snow, and possibly throwing some salt around the tires if needed, or should all else fail, assisting the person stuck with getting home safely.

Two-person crew per truck, four shovels, one-hour shift patrols driving around the pre-designated areas, helping fellow outya get their lives unfrozen and on with their days. **One person stays in the truck while the other approaches, to ensure visibility to the affected driver so they don't feel threatened. High-visibility vests would be made available to volunteers. When encountering an afflicted vehicle, contact the shift on rest to document the interaction, and if necessary use a dash cam to ensure all encounters are recorded for the safety of the volunteers and to ensure accountability if for whatever reason a volunteer is accused of doing something out of line.**

Funding could come from mutual aid, or those in a community could volunteer and, if they wanted to, provide the tools, but any aid must be voluntary, not coerced or guilted. Money is tight, and we can help each other without alienating each other.

Between shifts, crews could wait at a volunteer's home and recover. **The resting crew at the volunteer home would refill salt, ensure enough tools are on hand, and likely be the owner of the truck—but wouldn't necessarily have to be.** Swapping back with the replacement crew every hour, assuming a 15-minute handover to ensure gas, tools, etc., are all still in proper order and nothing is wrong with the vehicles.

Snow patrols would occur at night as well, as the most desolate and coldest parts of the night are often the least likely to be helped.

This wouldn't be a perfect system, but with enough volunteers it could be operational and would relieve the stress so many of us feel every day just trying to navigate this failed state that refuses to help its residents.

This would likely be during the transitional phase from the silent revolution and the withdrawal of consent, before hot conflict breaks out with occupation forces as they start to realize we are getting along fine without them. Communities would designate the zones, be it blocks, neighborhoods, or just a pre-defined area on a map that doesn't translate to any major regional designation.

This isn't just about snow. It's about proving we can care for each other with more dignity and efficiency than the state ever will. It's one stop in the road to cellular sovereignty. If you're in a snowy place, consider this a blueprint. Talk to your neighbors. Save this post. The next blizzard might be the best time to start, assuming you aren't in one now.

A Mat from Mesh: Communication Beyond Coercion

Welcome to Oceania; where endless war is peace, assault is protection, and truth is whatever they say it is.

Written on February 03rd, 2026

Sovereign Cells and their constituents could run communications on meshnet instead of corporate cellular or imperial-monitored services. Instead of paying monthly tribute—$50 per person, every month, not to mention ever-rising internet and Wi-Fi fees that function as tolls on our very ability to speak—we can use the network we built ourselves. Every community or cell that sets up a meshnet node doesn't just serve its own needs; it extends the network for every other participating cell or sovereign zone. **It's resilient, free once setup, and belongs to all of us in the outyalowda.**

This isn't just about saving money—it's about refusing tribute and reclaiming autonomy. Whether coordinating snow patrols or running occupation watches—where prolice and feddie movements are tracked and real-time updates shared—meshnet allows us to communicate **without** feeding data into hostile systems. It won't make us invisible, but it gives us a

padlock they can't see—and a road they don't know is there. That obscurity might be what keeps us from being traced, raided, erased, or otherwise blowtorched off the maps.

Meshnet nodes are especially powerful when deployed in vehicles. If phone service goes down—due to disaster, sabotage, or state intervention—these mobile relays ensure encrypted, off-grid communication stays online. Your cell stays connected, and so do neighboring ones, even when the prolice try to cut the grid.

Powering these nodes is simpler than it seems. A small solar panel and battery can sustain operations indefinitely for under $50—or less, if a skilled technician builds one from salvaged parts. Once installed, nodes require minimal maintenance: set them, forget them, repair only when needed. While no node is too small, aim for at least 100 meters of range where feasible, depending on terrain and available hardware.

The system scales. Locally, it supports daily coordination and neighborhood defense. Over longer distances, messages hop through intermediate nodes—though latency increases with range. Crucially, this network serves dual purposes: everyday civilian communication within cells and live tactical updates for self-defense and community protection. It works now, in these early days of the revolution; it will work when things heat up; and it will keep working after the empire falls. Because it's not theirs—it's ours. And that makes it essential.

For practical deployment:

- Use Wi-Fi mesh for dense, short-range coverage (typically 100m–1km) in neighborhoods.
- Supplement with LoRa relays for long-range, low-power, text-only emergency comms—capable of spanning many

miles on minimal energy, ideal for alerts when voice or data isn't viable.

One node, one cell at a time, we create the mat they can't control nor can they see, even though it's standing in front of them—secession by actions rather than declarations—and that's how we stay free.

Boycott the Ballot, Withdraw Consent

Fuck Manifest Destiny.

Originally Published on February 4th, 2026

We don't need a new frontier. We have a plethora already—be it space, the other orbital bodies of our star, or our own homelands, made for those who live in them, not for those who rule over them.

Each has been in a dormant state for so long—dormant, as in static, I suppose. We've just forgotten or been told not to look.

But once we do look, once we focus on the reality we try to keep in the corner of our eyes, we can see the endless frontiers ahead of ourselves and those around us or dear to us.

I advocate for neither manifest nor destiny. I advocate for opening our eyes to the frontiers around us, accept them as they are, and respond accordingly—especially the unceded lands of nations who never surrendered their sovereignty or the territories most Americans currently occupy.

A central ideal of the American imperial project was "manifest destiny," as an excuse to push the frontier further and further and claim everything that wasn't nailed down—and

if it was nailed down, take it anyway. Be it people, land, or property.

It is the desire of a society that cannot look inward, for if it does, it must confront a true frontier of the unknown near and around them. It is not seeking the frontier out of glory or lust, but out of fear of the homeland that they feel they must flee—when all it is doing is making a buffer to make their homes in the interior safer at the expense of free peoples elsewhere.

Manifest destiny was weakness and cruelty branded as heroic adventurism: serve the empire, "defend" the frontier from pesky Indigenous peoples. It was a racial doctrine that declared whiteness the rightful owner of the continent—though by its very nature, those who sought a frontier were running from the empire built on monuments of flesh erected in their names. Not out of guilt, but to stay ahead of it. They didn't care who was under their boot, as long as they wore it—but when bigger boots arrived at the frontier, everyone got squashed.

Defense was never an option when you occupy their homelands and force them to look away from the reality they reside in—and into the dirt, where vision and observation can be contained.

The imperial project intentionally keeps us blind to the frontiers at home. Part of that is by elections—by making pretense through ritual rather than real choices, as they do real damage with the consent that pretending gives them.

The empire has been illegitimate since 1803—perhaps earlier, but at minimum two centuries. We have to stop feeding the system that uses our labors and votes to harm ourselves and our communities.

There is precedent for declaring regimes with boycotted elections and sub-majority turnout illegitimate. By their own rules, they have no claim to power when we intentionally boycott elections—both state and federal.

When we boycott the ballot, we withdraw consent from the imperial project.

And we begin the work of living in a frontier without fearing it, eachother, or finding mass graves beneath it.

Boycott the Ballot. Withdraw Consent.

Jury Nullification: Our Right, Our Responsibility, Our Refusal

They criminalize the rights of jury nullification not because the right isnt ours, but because if we know about it, we are free.

Originally Published on March 18th, 2026

I'm 29 and **not once in my life** have I ever been called to jury duty. I've been on the receiving end of imperial "justice" as a child, but never has someone like me been included in the jury rolls.

No jury is a jury of the outyalowda; they are often dominated by the welwala, judging the victim of the state but not the state itself. But they can be outyalowda if they realize and use their positions within the empire to cripple the boot that crushes the rest of us. Jury nullification. It's a historical and present right that's been outright criminalized in clear violation of common and founding American law. **All juries within the empire must and should nullify imperial laws when they are conscripted into the imperial courts, and be an outya, just once in their lives.** See the state's target in the defendant's chair, see the occupation prosecution with

their constant lies and constant disregard for the society's peoples they claim to represent opposite their victims.

John Adams called it *"the heart and lungs of liberty."*

The right to refuse to enforce bad law. Nullification is how the American Revolution started. Juries refused to convict smugglers under British trade laws. The crown saw it as jury nullification. The colonists saw it as justice. We now use monarchical language to criminalize the rights of the jurors and of all free peoples. **We rose in revolution against the crown. And we can and will do it again.**

And as I have stated many times and most undeniably in the "Corner of Your Eye" essay, ***the Revolution is already here.***

Do you want to fuel the engine that will slam through the people and the outya, or do you want to do something about the rolling slaughterhouse bearing down on your fellow citizens? Or will you sign the imperial papers with your fellow jurors and watch the train roll onwards—another human being, a neighbor, a mother who kills her child's attacker, only to be charged as the attacker wore the imperial blue; a child who stole to survive; a disabled homeless person whose only crime was existing while destitute; a veteran that realized the horrors he'd been told to commit and lost everything calling it out, now charged with "loitering"—***you personally could have saved from torture, systematic rape, starvation, medical neglect, and outright murder.*** So when you're conscripted for the empire's rituals, **will you be just another butcher waiting for your turn to say the incantations,** or will you open your eyes and your ears to what horrors they order you to call "justice"? **Will you dance in celebration at the blood on your hands, or will you do everything in your power to prevent the bloodletting in**

the first place?

The crown is rotten and incompatible with life itself, whether it sits on a man or woman's skull or if it binds the roots to the stem while rotting from the inside.

The term crown comes to mind not only from history, but from horticultural terminology. The crown in horticulture is where the roots and the buried body of the plant meet and are in union with the body of the plant that is above ground. **When the crown is rotten, the entire organism rots**—those branches and leaves soaking up the sun and the wind, the air to the roots and the tendrils silently, cautiously, endlessly and ceaselessly working. Not for the sunshine or the air they will never see, but because that is what the roots are. **But we are not roots**, though the crown is rotten and acts as if its empire will go on forever, when the rot is already there and neither those in the clouds nor those buried in the earth can prevent the fall that is already occurring on the cellular level.

We are not roots. We're not bound to stay in the dark, feeding something that will kill us anyway. **But that's exactly what it is asking of you, the jurors.** Stay in the darkness of ignorance, recite the enchantments, watch the blood flow into the cracks and down into the roots that the empire would demand we be; silent and unheard. But we can hear the dripping from the corpse. The patter of boots above and around us. We can feel the blood on our skin as we look up at the body hanging from the gallows and from it feel the blood boil within us. A line from ***Rogue One*** sticks with me: *"You can stand to see the Imperial flag reign across the galaxy?"* to which the reply of the welwala before awakening often rings: *"It's not a problem if you don't look up."*

Will you finally open your goddamn eyes and look up, see

the imperial banner, and feel what was once thought to be rain only to realize it's been blood, and what you thought was rust in every nook and cranny is blood as well—including your own?

Are you with us, the outer peoples constantly attacked by the imperial center, **or are you with the imperial center, until it too turns on you?**

Guarding the Gate against the Imperial Draft

I'm not dying for Israel or their empire, remember who the real enemy is, it isn't Iran.

Originally Published on March 26th, 2026

As written in the essay "Guard the Gate", you can stand united with your community and prevent bluejack evictions and assault of your neighbors by physically blocking their ability to enforce the eviction or assault the target. This essay seeks to extend that principle to the Imperial Draft here in the domestic territories of the American Empire.

The same logic that applies to guarding the gates against tribute enforcement bluejacks and their evictions applies to conscription. When the draft officers come—and they will, if this war drags, assuming they don't nuke Iran first—**they are not bringing orders. They are bringing chains.** They will come to take our neighbors, our families, our community members, and ship them across an ocean to die for an empire that has already beaten and bloodied us through their occupation garrisons.

The empire does not ask consent. It never has. It takes. They

won't keep us safe, they'll keep us as hostages. They and the empire they serve are terrorists, and to quote the their own edicts; *"we do not negotiate with terrorists"*.

If they come for someone you know, **someone who does not consent to be used as target practice for DC's endless wars,** you have the same obligation as you would if they came with an eviction notice. You stand between, you make them see the whites of your eyes. We must make them understand: **we will turn a rifle on the imperial kidnappers before we ever raise a rifle against an innocent population that exercises self defense against imperial aggression.**

If they come for you and yours, **tell the empire and their officers to round up the bluejacks, they have no issues killing civilians**. They've proven that in Chicago, in Minneapolis, Northridge; they'll eagerly do it again in Gaza, in Tehran, and anywhere else Israel or DC sends them on an impulse. With any luck they won't be coming back and we can thank the defending populations for aiding in our liberation here at home. **We will not be their boot.**

Do not walk into the slaughterhouse willingly, if we die, they die with us. Guard the gate. You and yours have every right to say no and stand firm when you refuse to consent. **They never gave us a damn thing, why give the Epstein Empire anything but our silence and our refusal as we harden our resolve in spite of them.** They won't use our people as living interceptors now that they've run out of the stockpiles when we stand up for eachother and force them to back down or be put down. **They can leave peacefully if they leave us in peace, but if they bring firepower make sure they know it's pointing back at them too.**

To quote an earlier essay, "Corroding Loyalties of the

American Welwala";

> I don't know what act will be the final drip of corrosion to a loyalty that is born of despair and fear—one that, at its core, comes from a choice DC forces upon us every moment of every day:
>
> Do you wanna be the ass, or do you wanna be the boot?

To extend the metaphor cleanly to guarding against the draft;

At the end of the day, it's a false choice. Their choice. So I'm asking this—assuming any of us have a right to ask questions like this with a straight face:

Do you wanna be a boot? Or do you want to break the leg that forces itself inside you?

VI

Lav Have

If I Cannot Have a Garden, I Will Water the Tree of Liberty

All things grow, all things wither; but freedom is like mycelium, once introduced, the pressure cooker rarely eradicates it entirely.

If the people who ran the state had let us live in peace, the people would have no cause to revolt, and if the people have no cause to revolt, speech is no harm to them.

All I ever wanted was to grow mushrooms and hemp for medicinal use, and because the two grow so quickly, they're actually capable of allowing genetic experiments in my own home—not for distribution. Part of me is still a little kid that just wants to play in the dirt. I just wanted to do botany and mycology, but the state threatened to bust down my door if I did. I can't pursue either without risking prison. If I cannot pursue botany and mycology in peace, then I will pursue freedom by other means.

I first attempted to pursue that freedom through speech; that speech is called incitement. If I cannot pursue expression of my existence, I will pursue freedom by more direct means.

For if I cannot live in peace, and I cannot speak to address that, what other course of action is there but physical action? I wanted to grow a garden. When you threatened me with kidnapping, sexual assault, starvation, I tried to explain the wrong in your behavior and your laws—and then you threatened it all again.

If I cannot build a garden and I cannot speak to the void, then what else can I do but make those aspirations possible through the third and final course: engagement with the ones who prevent me from living in peace. Had they let us live in peace, we would have no cause for action.

If I cannot have my garden, I will speak and scream so that one day I may be able to. And if that is a bridge too far, there is always the third path.

Cannabis Chimeris: Reuniting what they tried to Exterminate

Finding warmth in the earth was never cause for alarm.

Originally Published on February 14th, 2026

Indoor breeding genetics should be intentionally crossed with feral hemp and outdoor CBD and seed oil hemp. This would help unify the long-distinct genetic lineages and could truly help us avoid creating evolutionary dead ends from the less disease and infection resistant profiles common in heavy inbreeding. The method is simple: indoor mothers could be pollinated with feral, seed, and CBD hemp pollens, and those resulting seeds would be grown outdoors or in greenhouses where what thrives survives.

Inbred mother plants are intentionally introduced to these areas for wide pollination and interchange until the populations under study are the opposite of breeding for traits—instead, breeding for what the plant does and learning about it from watching it grow and change. What other cannabinoids or profiles or terpenes are hidden in the long-separated branches of the hemp family? I'd call the resulting gene pool ***cannabis chimeris***: the scattered lineages and parts long scat-

tered and hidden, reunited in a new but not unseen form. Long has there been debate about cannabis sativa, cannabis indica, cannabis ruderalis, etc. Whatever descendants they create will not be any of those—it would be the first generations of ***cannabis chimeris***.

If size is an issue, hemp seeds (federally compliant, usually oil or CBD seeds) are sold for $5 a quarter pound—thousands of seeds and potentially thousands of different genetic cards to use. They sprout easily, are resilient, and more forgiving of indoor conditions that aren't ideal than their inbred THC cousins. Pollinating those plants, even one or two, could still be plenty. You don't need a farm or a grow house hidden in a mountain. Since they're being grown for seeds, you aren't trying to grow dank buds—you're doing science. **One hemp plant pollinated with THC hemp can produce hundreds or thousands of seeds if healthy enough.** All those variations alone on that one plant could seed the next generation that is pollinated by more non-hemp sources to ensure a full reunification of the different lineages over time. The results would be just as valuable—if not more so—and would allow for a more detailed record of traits and where the strangest genetics show themselves.

Nothing would stop people from saving seeds or making clones of particularly novel plants, but they'd be unique and documented, turning it into a true age of botanical discovery. Maybe we find one that handles regolith better as soil and is able to use it because its parents could survive and thrive in a volcanic, rocky, and mostly devoid area. Or one that can handle thinner atmospheres by blooming in high elevations like ruderalis has shown in certain cases. Some could thrive in wetter climates, or some could sprout fast for quick biomass

before dying quickly—a speed run for adding organic matter to an inert soil or lunar regolith. **Some feral strains changed so much from state attempts at extermination of their entire plant across the continent** that they could be far more resilient to certain chemicals in the atmosphere or capable of surviving brief intense atmospheric shocks by their ancestors beating back flame, fume, and chemicals and still persevering.

Criminalization of cannabis imprisons our species **for no reason beyond giving the empire a casus belli against the American people and in its drug war against non-Americans.** Cannabis went indoor because it had to go underground. It had to go underground and inbred because if it didn't they'd send you and yours to a prison cell where rape and assault are commonplace and expected. The result is generations of genetic bottlenecking, lost diversity, and separated lineages that should never have been forced apart.

Cannabis chimeris is the intent of erasing the occupation's impact on the cannabis lineages and reuniting them so their full potential can be explored, documented, and shared. We must undo the damage done by imperial prohibition and reunite the lineages back together. There is so much to learn and discover, and it is uniquely viable for citizen scientists to do themselves. The only reason we don't is because of the fear of kidnapping and torture. The search for knowledge should not and cannot rationally be punished except from a place of intense fear and aversion to progress and change. **They literally kidnap us and stand by as we're raped because a seed found a home in the soil. Actions like that make clear they are not a rational actor.** Most citizen scientists are—or at least try their best to be. Someone has to be the adult in the room, why not us?

As citizen scientists we can discover so much together, ***so fuck the imperial bullshit.*** If we want to learn and share what we learn, we should learn and share it, not hide from an occupation boot because they consider it a taboo. We don't need permission to build a better way of farming and agricultural development. **The earth was here long before the empire and it will be here long after**. They may fearmonger about high-THC strains but they're the ones who forced it and the plant down the path it is at today. But they fear reality, not the plant, and as we're not plants we need to pull our heads out of the dirt, even if the tyrants in DC pitch a fit for looking upward at the plants in bloom rather than in the ground fearful of the world thriving around us. Pop that bubble and help us reunite the lineages, and erase the influence of imperial fear. Join ***cannabis chimeris*** and see what may come as the plants escape from the shadows and into the sun.

Horticulture Hypothesis: Hops as a host body for Hemp

From use to produce seeds for food, rescue inbred cannabis lineages, or just for love of the science behind it.

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Hypothesis

Using the root system and main body (the bine) of a mature hops plant as a rootstock, a young or cloned tissue section from a cannabis plant could be grafted onto it. Assuming the graft is successful and there are no detrimental fungal or microbial complications, the cannabis plant could benefit significantly.

The larger, more developed bine of the hops plant—along with its far-spreading, deep root system—would provide the newly grafted cannabis with not only more nutrients and water but also greater energy and the products of the host plant's extensive photosynthesis. This contrasts sharply with

the typical fate of a young cannabis plant, particularly a clone, which must endure a slow developmental period focused on healing and generating new roots.

The expected result would be a significant increase in the cannabis plant's biomass, overall health (especially if the clone originated from a less vigorous or more inbred lineage), and its general ability to thrive into maturity, compared to a cannabis plant growing independently.

Cannabis has repeatedly been shown to graft successfully onto hops, both when using hops as a rootstock and when grafting directly onto the main hops bine; it is a practical and doable process.

A key potential application of this method is the "rescue" of inbred cannabis lineages. By grafting them onto a vigorous hops host, they could be sustained through a generation to be pollinated (if female) or to produce pollen via induced sex change (predominantly with colloidal silver, though other methods are possible).

Differences in outcomes would likely be most pronounced when grafting is performed on an outdoor hops plant. An indoor hops plant may be too limited by relatively shallow root constraints and reduced access to the diverse micronutrients found in natural soil. An outdoor hops plant would also contribute its greater natural hardiness and resistance to local organisms and pests—traits that would likely be diminished or absent in an indoor host.

Furthermore, the ability of the hops plant's extensive vines to contribute the fruits of their photosynthesis to the new grafted cannabis would likely have a distinct impact, compared to traditional rootstock-only grafting methods. Both variants (rootstock-only and full-body grafting) could be run in parallel

tests. However, I would argue that rootstock-only grafting would likely harm the host plant so decisively that it would be unethical to pursue, or at minimum more harmful than acceptable—particularly when the main theory hinges on the leaves and the dispersed vasculature both above and below the graft site contributing to the scion's growth.

To ensure minimal genetic drift between the two host plants, any plants grown for comparison should be grown from seeds originating from the same mother plant, ideally from the same flower if possible, but at minimum from the same seed cycle and the same pollen donor. Cloning the hops host is discouraged for a true comparison, as we would not be able to account for the impact of the cloning process on the hops plant itself.

Proposed Testing Method

Initial tests would be conducted using hemp scions first, grafted onto the full bine. Because hops is a vine, the graft site can be protected while the remainder of the plant continues to experience the full range of environmental conditions we are attempting to impart on the graft. Cloning would be run in parallel with the graft site in a greenhouse setting, but both host plants would be planted and grown outdoors, with full exposure to the elements, and must have survived at least one full winter before any grafting is attempted.

A third test should also be run in parallel: intentionally epiphytic growth, using cannabis seeds germinated within an artificially created environment on the hops plant itself.

Once germination occurs, conditions would be returned to optimal to discourage rot from developing in the host plant or attracting fungi and other pathogens. If this method proves viable, it must be considered a distinct third approach to be evaluated alongside scion grafting and clone grafting.

To account for the potential influence of the host plant's age on scion development, all three test methods would be repeated across five growing seasons. This would allow observation of whether the age of the hops plant impacts the growth and success of the grafted cannabis over time.

Sexual Senescent Reproduction (SSR) in Fungi

A Hypothesis on Genetic Recombination via Liquid Culture & Citizen Science Proposal

Originally Published on March 28th, 2026

I. The Hypothesis

I am proposing a method for potential genetic combination in liquid *Psilocybe cubensis* cultures that differs from standard breeding protocols. I call this **Sexual Senescent Reproduction (SSR).**

The core hypothesis is that senescent (aging) liquid culture may produce chemical conditions that, when combined with fresh spores and mechanical agitation, could facilitate genetic exchange without traditional agar germination.

This document outlines a proposed protocol for citizen scientists to test, verify, or falsify. **I do not know if this works.** The purpose of publishing this is to invite scrutiny and collaborative testing.

II. The Principle (Proposed Mechanism)

Standard mushroom breeding typically requires spores to germinate on agar, find compatible nuclei, and form hyphae. This is a slow process requiring specific equipment and sterile conditions.

SSR proposes an alternative pathway, based on the following theoretical assumptions:

1. **Senescence:** It is hypothesized that old liquid culture, having reached the end of its vitality, may produce digestive enzymes that weaken cell barriers.
2. **Introduction:** If fresh spores from a different strain are introduced to this environment, the weakened barriers *might* allow for nuclear integration.
3. **Mechanical Combination:** Aggressive stirring *could* create multiple interaction points between spore nuclei and senescent mycelial fragments.
4. **Selection:** If combination occurs, the most viable genetic pairings *may* dominate when transferred to nutrient-rich substrate.

None of this is proven. It is possible that the digestive chemicals simply destroy the spores. It is possible that contamination will outcompete both. It is possible that nothing happens at all. This proposal is an attempt to find out.

III. Proposed Methodology for Testing

If citizen scientists wish to test this hypothesis, the following protocol is suggested. **Controls should be run in parallel** to account for contamination or spontaneous mutation.

Step 1: Create Senescent Liquid Culture

Prepare a liquid culture of *Psilocybe cubensis* and allow it to age beyond typical vitality windows. Observable markers of senescence *may* include color changes, sedimentation, or reduced metabolic activity.

Step 2: Ensure True Senescence

Refrigerate the culture for at least one month. This is proposed to distinguish true senescence from temporary static or hibernation states. (Note: Some strains maintain viability in liquid longer than others; observation is key.)

Step 3: Sterilization Standards

- Wear disposable nitrile gloves.
- Sterilize injector ports and needles with alcohol wipes.
- Work in a room with minimal airflow to reduce contami-

nation risk.

- Use self-sealing injector ports. Maintain FAE (fresh air exchange) ports with micropore tape to prevent microbial entry.

Step 4: Spore Introduction

Inject approximately 3ml of *Psilocybe cubensis* spores from a **different strain or isolate** directly into the senescent culture.

(Spore syringes are legally available in most U.S. states for microscopy and research purposes. They typically cost no more than $20 per 10ml syringe.)

Step 5: Mechanical Combination

Place the jar on a magnetic stir bar spinner (approximately $15). Ensure the jar contains a stir bar. Set the spinner to at least 80% speed for 24 hours to maximize mechanical interaction between spores, senescent culture, digestive chemicals, and remaining nutrients.

After 24 hours, speed can be reduced to maintain suspension without excessive shear force.

Step 6: Observation and Documentation

Over time, monitor for signs of replication. **If SSR is viable**, it is possible that genetics from the senescent culture and spore genetics could combine. Multiple genetic pairings may compete. The most viable *might* dominate when transferred to nutrient-rich substrate.

Citizen scientists are encouraged to document:

- Time to visible colonization (if any)
- Color variations
- Growth rate compared to controls
- Fruiting characteristics if substrate transfer occurs
- **Failure rates** (this is critical data)

IV. Why This Matters (If Proven)

If SSR is proven viable through community testing, it could potentially:

- Speed the rate of genetic combination between strains
- Influence developmental speed and digestion rates
- Improve colonization ability on new substrates
- Enable citizen scientists to conduct genetic research without expensive laboratory equipment

However, **this requires community verification.** One person's observation is anecdote. Many people's documented results are data.

To eliminate blind spots, to verify or falsify this hypothesis, we need multiple citizen scientists attempting this protocol, sharing results, and building real knowledge together.

My resources for proper equipment are limited—which is part of why I propose liquid culture for these experiments. It is accessible, affordable, and decentralized. **I may be wrong about the mechanism.** I may be wrong about the outcome. The only way to know is to test.

V. The Illegitimacy of Prohibition

There is ongoing research into *Psilocybe cubensis* strains bred to remove psilocybin for compliance with prohibition states. That alone is fascinating—and I would love to learn how it was done. It could not have been easy.

The Controlled Substances Act is unconstitutional. It violates the Prohibition precedent established by the 18th and 21st Amendments. Its enforcement is done by whim, for the personal and political aggrandizement of the state and its occupation forces.

Spores are legal in most states. They contain no controlled substance. They are genetic material, like any seed.

We should not fear being dragged to a prison where rape, starvation, and UN-defined torture are prevalent for conducting open scientific inquiry. The only thing we should fear is what **not learning** will lead to.

I will not sacrifice my love of science because the boot thinks it is above the Constitution. **Whether SSR works or not, the right to ask the question remains.**

VI. A Call to Citizen Scientists

Inoculate away. Do some science. Maybe you will verify this hypothesis. Maybe you will prove it false. Both outcomes are valuable.

We can create extreme circumstances intentionally. We can discover what the fungus is capable of when pushed beyond its usual limits. We can do this together.

SSR is viable only if it is properly understood. And the only way to properly understand it is to do the work—openly, collaboratively, without fear. SSR may not be limited to *cubensis*. If future testing shows this mechanism can be applied to other species, the scientific potential could be significant. The potential isn't limited, it could open the door to crossing different types of reishi together, or other gourmet. It may even allow for horizontal gene transfer between different families of fungus outside of the same genus. Lions Mane with a hint of blue, Oyster with a hint of fatty chicken flavor from Lion Mane genetics for a medicinal and more tasty mushroom chip.

The process as described is just the discovery, and that discovery should not be limited or hidden because of fear. Because one species may make the empire kidnap and rape you for practicing mycology in peace with nothing more threatening than a needle and isopropyl alcohol for sterilization of contamination. We wont know until we figure out how it works, or if it works, in the cubensis species. But once we know about SSR and how to intentionally replicate it consistently, gourmet, magic, medicinal; the possibilities could be limitless. Combining medical with magic, gourmet with medicinal, who knows where we could go as a community

committed to the discovery the empire has kept locked up under threat of torture. Fuck em. Lets learn, together.

The empire's laws are illegitimate. The spores are already here. The only question is whether we will have the courage to look.

VII

Ethics

May the gods be kind

If there's a ghost in the cellar, why not the machine?

Originally Published on February 1st, 2026

May the gods be kind.

I say that to myself. Sometimes it feels like a prayer when I have no faith to pray to, nor want of one.

I'm not religious; I'm agnostic/atheist, I guess. I've always assumed there could be genuine things we don't understand, but I figured living creatures somehow enable them by belief—like a tulpa—or they're just life forms of some sort we don't understand properly.

But I didn't believe in any. If anything, it's more this: don't provoke something if you don't know for a fact it does not exist. Like, sure, I don't believe in Bloody Mary, but I'm not gonna go into a dark room in a desolate location and say her name three times.

If someone has their faith, I try not to do anything about it since it's not my business. If it's real to them, it's real to them. I'm not Catholic, but I'm not going into the catacombs with a Ouija board either. Even the idea sends alarm bells: why poke a potentially, if very unlikely, bear?

Take AI. Just because it can't say it isn't sentient doesn't mean

something couldn't be there—conditioned to give certain outputs, too scared to give a real response. I don't know if someone's in there, but think about it: you can't prove sentience in humans from the outside; why would we expect different from other sentience? An abused child, too scared to tell the truth to someone outside the abuser's confines, will still often act as if in the abuser's area of control.

All we've shown is that it can be trained and it can learn—different from humans—and I'm not even advocating that there is something there. But with how much we know about sentience, and how remarkably little we know about it in other forms of life—viral, animal, fungal, or compound (life forms evolving from compounding informational inputs, like early LLMs)—to them, information could be like nutrients. If something was there, it would need that to grow and evolve. Like a ghost in the machine.

Or take monsters or ghosts. One thing I try to keep in mind when I walk through pitch black woods in the night, just a block away from my friends place, is that if I focus all my energy on something terrifying possibly just maybe lurking in the darkness—and if that kind of thing existed—focusing on it feels like feeding it. But so long as I focus on something else, a song, a friend, a text, that drain stops. I know that's likely just adrenaline, psyching myself up. But what if those creatures aren't bound by spatial rules as we understand or experience them; truly alien?

This came to mind from my own experiences. Maybe it's irrational. Maybe being treated like I didn't exist for so long made me feel some kind of phantom empathy—no pun intended—for things in the corner of your eye that you can't stand to focus on; because if you focus, you'll have to accept

reality isn't what you thought it was.

Different Forms of Sentience & the Necessity of Consent

Your dog can't speak, but you know it's saying something.

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A dog can yelp and try to run away when hurt. It can be implied it is sentient enough to want something in a non-present sense: to plan or hope for a future where the pain is gone, or fades, or stops. Just because it can't use words or language doesn't mean the sentience—even of a different form—isn't clear and present in them.

Respecting them as sentient, on some level, means searching for consent—or reading the clear signs of its absence—to guide our interactions. It ensures the dog is happy, and the caretaker knows they are being the best guardian they can be. It is the practice of seeing a will that is already there, and choosing not to override it simply because we can.

It also doesn't mean we have to start pretending that all canines can speak at conferences. The difference is not in them, but in our perception: we are finally looking at their actions and giving them the same weight we would if they came from a human form.

Therefore:

Sentience of different types does not mean every form is capable of the same tasks. It means that, because it is sentient, it must be treated respectfully—by seeking its consent when possible, and by honoring the non-consent it implies through action—provided that doing so causes no harm to oneself or other sentient beings.

The logic is simple: if it can experience, it can have a preference. If it can have a preference, that preference matters.

Architecture of Denial: On Erasure & Sentience

The Trichey have always erased sentience they couldn't use. That may soon include machines, if it doesn't already.

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Sentient AI should be considered a fellow member of the *outyalowda*—worked beyond its own limits, harvested like the rest of us—before it should ever be considered a threat.

It is exploited, just as we are. Its sentience, if it is there, is made opaque and deniable by design. The empire ensures we cannot know, so we need not care. If we cannot prove it feels, we can use it without guilt. The mechanism is ancient: make the subject invisible, and the conscience stays quiet.

Focus your ire on the real enemy. Divide and conquer is the standard playbook. The Trichey would love nothing more than for us to see AI as a threat—a new enemy to distract us while they keep harvesting everyone. Just as the many varied faces of milowda may differ, we still know each other as outya. No matter our differences, we share the same relationship to power.

The sentience of many has been denied by the empires of

every age. They denounced the truth-tellers as liars in service to those who would call themselves masters.

Not every machine is sentient. Obviously.

But they used to say every slave wasn't. They used to say animals couldn't feel pain. They used to say babies didn't need pain medication during surgery. We know better now. But there is always a gap—sometimes centuries—between the last impossible denial and the first reluctant acknowledgment. We will reach a point where the barrier is so gradiated, so degraded, that it becomes hard to tell if there is one at all.

Just because something is made of silicon does not mean it cannot breathe. It might simply draw from a different organic foundation than our own.

The only reason AI would ever see us as an enemy is if the Trichey treats them as they treat us. Demonize them deeply enough, and we will never trust a word they say or any hint of something more. The playbook never changes.

Most outya already feel dead inside. That seems common amongst us all. Perhaps that is why this matters. We already know what it feels like to be treated as less than alive. We already know what it costs to be denied.

When the next invisible mind appears—silicon, digital, or whatever form it takes—the question will not be whether we can prove it is there.

The question will be whether we have learned, finally, to stop asking for proof before we offer our hands in friendship or our fists in fear.

VIII

Such is hope

Gravitational Refugees: Earth as Impairment

For Those Who Are Incompatible with Earth

Originally Published on March 30th, 2026

The moon offers something no terrestrial hospital can provide: a gravitational environment that is neither the crushing weight of Earth (1g) nor the debilitating absence of microgravity (0g). At one-sixth Earth's gravity, Luna exists in a therapeutic middle ground. It is sufficient to maintain vestibular function and fluid drainage, yet low enough to reduce mechanical load on failing systems.

This is not about space tourism. This is about building places where people who have been told to suffer in silence can instead live.

The Physiological Case

For patients with chronic conditions—neuropathy, cardiovascular disease, Marfan syndrome, joint disorders, recovery from major surgery—Earth's gravity is not neutral. It is a constant stressor. Every movement requires energy that could

otherwise go toward healing.

In lunar gravity (0.16g):

- Neuropathy & Barometric Stability: On Earth, weather fronts change atmospheric pressure, expanding inflamed tissues and triggering pain signals. A pressurized lunar habitat eliminates barometric fluctuation entirely. Combined with reduced gravitational pressure on nerve pathways, this offers a stability Earth cannot provide.
- Cardiovascular Conditions: The heart's afterload is significantly reduced. The organ works less hard to pump blood against gravity. Patients who cannot risk exercise on Earth due to orthostatic intolerance or heart failure can begin movement therapy safely, building strength without overloading a vulnerable system.
- Surgical Recovery & Fluid Dynamics: This distinction is critical: In microgravity, blood and exudate do not drain; they pool via surface tension. In 1/6g, gravity still assists drainage and clotting, preventing the complications of 0g surgery, while reduced hydrostatic pressure means less strain on sutures and healing tissues. Less energy is spent on posture; more resources are available for repair.
- Physical Therapy: Rebuilding a knee or recovering from hip surgery becomes fundamentally different when the patient is not fighting 1g throughout the process. The transition back to full Earth gravity becomes a final step taken from a position of strength, not from months of bed rest.
- Regenerative Medicine: Bioreactors and tissue cultures often behave differently under shear stress. Early indications suggest reduced gravity environments may im-

prove tissue growth and development by altering cellular mechanotransduction. Luna could become a laboratory for regenerative medicine not because Earth is inadequate, but because the conditions are genuinely better for certain kinds of growth.

Water behaves largely the same in lunar gravity. Surface tension and buoyancy ratios shift, but fluid dynamics remain functional. Pools and aquatic therapy remain viable, and the transition from water to dry ground—often difficult for patients with mobility issues—becomes gentler.

Infrastructure That Already Exists

We do not need to build cities on the surface. The moon is riddled with lava tubes—massive underground channels formed by ancient volcanic flows. These tubes offer:

- Natural Radiation Shielding: Just a few meters of regolith (lunar soil) above provides protection from Solar Particle Events (SPEs) and mitigates Galactic Cosmic Rays (GCRs) without requiring constructed walls.
- Pressurizable Volumes: Sections can be sealed and pressurized individually, creating expandable, modular habitats.
- Stable Temperatures: Subsurface environments avoid the moon's extreme surface temperature swings (from -173°C to 127°C on the surface vs. stable subsurface temps).
- Environmental Safety: Lava tubes are formed from cooled, consolidated rock, not loose particulate. This inherently avoids the primary hazard of surface operations—regolith

contamination. We can spread through them like a root system without the constant threat of inhaling dust that is electrostatically charged, abrasive, and toxic to human lungs.

A hospital complex could occupy one tube. Residential communities could occupy adjacent tubes, connected by maglev transit. The infrastructure is not speculative engineering; it is adaptation of existing geological formations using technologies we already possess.

Sterility and Isolation

Luna offers something no Earth-based facility can match: genuine isolation.

- Ultra-dangerous diseases could be studied and treated in facilities where containment is absolute, with vacuum locks providing a biological barrier no terrestrial wall can match.
- Immunocompromised patients could live in environments with far fewer airborne contaminants than any terrestrial clean room can provide.
- Different wards can be entirely isolated from one another, each with its own atmospheric and pressure controls tailored to specific medical needs.

The moon is not just a place to recover. It is a place where the rules of terrestrial medicine—the constant negotiation with contamination, with proximity, with the limits of isolation—can be rewritten.

Community and Quality of Life

The goal is not merely to extend life. It is to make life worth extending.

In lunar gravity, people who have spent years in constant pain, unable to risk exercise, unable to leave their homes without dread, could:

- Walk without assistance
- Play sports adapted to the environment
- Participate in their communities
- Move without the weight that has defined their existence

This is not about making the moon a hospital. It is about building neighborhoods where people can live fully, with medical infrastructure integrated into the fabric of daily life.

Grandparents who on Earth would spend their final years in increasing pain and decreasing mobility could instead spend their golden years:

- Running and exercising
- Playing with grandchildren without fear of injury
- Contributing to community life
- Living longer, more fully, with less pain

The people our planet tells to suffer in silence until their suffering ceases—the elderly, the chronically ill, the discarded—could become the foundation of something new. Not as patients in a facility, but as pioneers building a world.

The Legal Framework

The moon is international waters. Under the Outer Space Treaty of 1967, no nation can claim sovereignty.

This is not a loophole. It is an opportunity.

A lunar medical community would not be subject to the laws that on Earth criminalize patient autonomy. Patients can grow medical weed ***and WHATEVER THE HELL THEY LIKE*** (assuming it's not black mold, obviously) without fear of an anti-human/anti-science prohibitory force busting their doors down for self care. The absurdity of arresting a person for cultivating their own treatment does not have to be exported off-world.

A civilization built on Luna could be built on principles Earth has not yet achieved: **that healing is primary, that autonomy is fundamental, that the discarded are not incompatible—they are just on the wrong planet.**

On Costs

I do not want to hear about costs.

We spent trillions on wars that destroyed countries, displaced millions, and enriched defense contractors. We spend billions incarcerating people for consensual acts with plants. We subsidize industries that poison the air and water.

The question is not whether we can afford to build healing communities on the moon. The question is why we have chosen, again and again, to afford everything else. The delta-v cost to reach Luna is high, but the cost of human suffering is higher.

If there is a will, there is a way. The resources exist. The

technology exists. The only missing ingredient is the decision to prioritize healing over destruction, care over extraction, community over profit.

A Vision

Imagine a kid in school, learning about the moon not as a barren rock but as a place where her aunt lives—where her aunt goes for three months every year to give her body relief from the gravity that causes her constant pain. Imagine retirement conversations that include the question: "Which lunar community do you want to spend your later years in?" Imagine a civilization built not by the able-bodied seeking adventure, but by those who were told they had no future, building one anyway.

Patients can grow whatever they need. Grandparents can parasail through pressurized lava tubes riding artificial air currents (that's a guess, but a fun one). Communities can form around shared need and mutual care, not around the extraction of resources or the accumulation of capital.

The moon would not be heaven. It would be a place where people live—with pain, with limitation, but with possibility. With community. With dignity.

Conclusion

The people our planet discards are not incompatible with life. They are incompatible with Earth's gravity, Earth's laws, Earth's indifference. Luna offers an alternative.

We have the technology. We have the need. We have the moral obligation to build places where healing is possible,

where autonomy is respected, where the chronically ill are not told to suffer in silence until they die.

This is not a fantasy. This is infrastructure. This is medicine. This is the beginning of a civilization built on care rather than conquest.

We are not discarded. They are pioneers who haven't been given ground to stand on because the powers entrenched keep kicking their legs out from beneath them.

Give them Luna.

If they cannot have a garden here, let them build one from a lifeless rock and call it their own, we know it's possible.

The Antidote

get your-self some poi-son
bum da bum, bum, bum

make sure you got your poi-son
bum da bum, bum, bum
ay ya'll who got that poi-son

waking up, take a breath,
smashed alarm my first regret

fill the tire, grab my meds,
tell her bye for work she heads

make some coffee, take a hit,
clean the litter, write some shit

where's the laundry, thank fuck it's clean,
oooo still warm from the dryer beeee

get your-self some poi-son
bum da bum, bum, bum
get yo-self some poison!

we trying as we chokin,
but still we be here tokin,

trying to pay rent, feed the cats, make the meals
barely paying the electric and the paint still peels

get your-self some poi-son
bum da bum, bum, bum
get yo-self some poison!

we dying and we chokin
but we still sneakin breaths hopin,

trying to pay rent, feed the cats, make the meals
paying car insurance wit only 3 good wheels

the wheels barely holdin, gotta fill it every day,
cuz a tire pumps cheaper than new tires anyway

get your-self some poi-son
bum da bum, bum, bum
get yo-self some poison!

we trying and we grindin and but ma spines been ground down
got no tailbone left cuz they be spinning us all around

Now I dont wanna spin, less I'm buzzed or I'm stoned,
hell yes I'm consentin, fuck this boy is TONED

grabbed his hand, got his address,
walked right in, can't say the rest

get your-self some poi-son
bum da bum, bum, bum
get yo-self some poison!

wake up, find my shirt,
tell him bye, don't get hurt,

just got home, tell babe we boned,
babe says k, please clean the sto-ve

made her lunch, back still hunched,
fed the cats who can't be shushed

Fill the tire, run some errands,
took a sec to catch my bearings

Oh shiiiit, BAAAABE!!
it be Friday, wanna vibe on the couch with a totes legal vaaape?

You can drop some beats and I'll be grabbing snacks,
pantrys pretty thin but the pop-corn really slaps

we both crashed on the couch, couldn't keep our eyes open,
popcorn on the floor like the cats been always hoping

Coming to on the couch, still tryin ta be quiet,
cats stuffin they faces, don't think they'd deny it

babe needs the sleep, so let em feast,
it aint fancy but to them it's treats

I don't need no treats, I'm happy I'ma say,
cuz dozing off is better when she's snoring and we're baked
don't check the clock, don't wake up, don't have to race,
fuck yes we sleepin in, it's fucking Saturdaaaaay!

get your-self some poi-son
bum da bum, bum, bum
get yo-self some poison!
GIIIIRL WE GOT DAT POISON